* May 24, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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AIR-COOLING, LEADING AVIATION INTO A NEW ERA, NOW SHOWS ITS SUPREMACY IN THE AIRPLANE-TYPE ENGINE OF THE NEW FRANKLIN— MOST POWERFUL TYPE ENGINE BUILT

Guided by the purpose and vision which for 28 years have produced many automotive achievements, Franklin introduced, in January, America's first motor car with an AIRPLANE-TYPE ENGINE. Performance of the skies became the performance of Franklin. The flight of the graceful plane blended into the swift motion of the fleet Franklin.

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IT is becoming almost a feminine fashion to explain to the apt-to-be-forgetful male that Schrafft's chocolates and candies—once sold only in the thirty-six Shattuck-owned Schrafft's stores—are now being sold by Schrafft's dealers in cities and towns throughout the country.

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Diminutive chocolates in a handsome metal box. $2.00 a pound.

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Small pieces with choice centers of many kinds. $1.50 a pound.

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Chewy and cream centers. An unusual value. $1.00 a pound.

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 14, May 24, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Wheee!!
it's good to
get out into
sun and sea
and sand
again!

—and this year's SUITS are so becoming . . .

YOU can look and feel your best in an outfit like that pictured at the left, above. The sleek, slim top is of silk jersey, the trunks of crisply pleated moire in a contrasting color, $12.74. The *Whitbey at the right is well-tailored wool jersey, all in one, with trunks that flare jauntily because they are stitched in tiny tucks, $11.74. The youngster's suit is a vivid dot of color with an appliqued crazy cat carrying balloons across her tummy . . $2.74

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MACY'S-by-the-Sea

FOURTH FLOOR, WEST BUILDING

34th St. and Broadway, New York City

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 31. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—A well-built and well-acted little comedy about a boy whose life was governed by posthumous correspondence from his doting mother, with resulting hardships for his young wife. (48th Street, 48, E.)

BIRD IN HAND—Second season of an agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (49th Street, 49, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Last two days—"Romeo and Juliet," a good production of Shakespeare's play, with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Fri. Eve., May 23, at 8:20; Sat. Mat., May 24 at 2:20.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," light comedy from the Spanish. (Sat. Eve., May 24, at 8:30.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. Closes for the season Sat., May 24.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale in a macabre account of what Death might do on his day off. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—Katharine Cornell sweeping through a melodrama of illicit love and sudden death, and making a tense experience of it. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M. Closes Sat., May 24.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A more or less conventional comedy about a wife who gets her divorced husband back by her wits. It is by St. John Ervine and is immensely helped by Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's play, based on Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. A beautiful and moving thing, easily the most distinctive of the season, and, incidentally, winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

HOTEL UNIVERSE—Philip Barry's interesting and often beautiful play which tries to attain the impossible effect of time and space elimination by sending its characters back into their own lives before your very eyes. One of the Theatre Guild's best casts, including Ruth Gordon, Glenn Anders, and Katherine Alexander. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JUNE MOON—The music-publishing business used as a background for some of the loudest laughs to be heard in this, or any, theatrical district. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—It may harrow you considerably to watch men being prepared for the electric chair, and killing right and left in hopeless revolt, but you should not miss this. (Harris, 42, W.)

LOST SHEEP—Considerable hilarity for the broad-minded in a situation resulting from turning a former brothel into a temporary vicarage. Cecilia Loftus, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and others in a good cast, make it much less shocking than it sounds. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Not exactly a murder, and certainly not a mystery, but a murder mystery in A. A. Milne's best vein. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

THE OLD RASCAL—The revolt of William Hodge against the forces of clean-living which have held him enthralled for so long. Believe it or not, he plays an old rake of a judge who delights in furnishing his wife with divorce material. (Bijou, 45, W. Closes Sat., May 24.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner, now in its second year. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE TAVERN—Limited revival of the burlesque melodrama, with George M. Cohan as the Vagabond and Joseph Allen as the Hired Man. (Fulton, 46, W. Closes Sat., May 31.)

TOPAZE—The entertaining adventures (from the French) of a hyper-honest school teacher who makes good in business by adopting business methods. Frank Morgan makes a genuine character of the hero. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

UNCLE VANYA—Jed Harris' splendid production of Chekhov's fine comedy, if you call frustration and futility comedy. Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, Joanna Roos, and Osgood Perkins are in it. (Cort, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of Earl Carroll's shows. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A fast-moving trip through the American shrines in Paris, filled in with Cole Porter's songs and plenty of gags. The cast includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and especially, Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—The musical-comedy hit, with some nice tunes, good dancing, Oscar Shaw, and the uproariously comic Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W.)

SIMPLE SIMON—Ed Wynn doing the magical trick of turning thin comedy into an evening of delight. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—A big, popular musical, with the incomparable Jack Donahue, and Lily Damita. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—Clark and McCullough, Blanche Ring, and a fine Gershwin score, making the only satirical musical comedy in town, also one of the funniest. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE LITTLE GIRLS—Good old-fashioned Viennese musical comedy, dripping with sentiment and sung by excellent voices, including those of Natalie and Bettina Hall, and Charles Hedley. (Shubert, 44, W.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Heywood Broun, also Alma Rubens, will be at the Palace Fri., May 24. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music, with dancing by Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Dancing by Rosita and Ramon; Bobby Brooks' orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Dancing by Nitza Vernille and Caesar Romero. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where you will find Marion Harris, Charles Sabin and Madeleine Northway, and Smith Ballew's orchestra.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Blue-and-gold décor, with dances by Veloz and Yolanda, and music by Vincent Lopez. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and frequented by Broadway celebrities, rowdies, and others who hate to go to bed before sunrise. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, an-

(Continued on page 6)

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THE NEW YORKER
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14x to 20

WOMEN'S SIZES
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GIRLS' SIZES
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—because it was the first *cotton-mesh* shirt shown in New York, and the original *cap-sleeve* success. Because it washes like a rag and looks best when it isn't ironed. Because it is marvelously absorbent—the perfect shirt for active sports. Because it is correct for all ages and both sexes. Because though already three summers old at Best's, time cannot wither nor custom stale its vogue. And finally because it is well on the way to surpassing its own previous record of 10,000 sold from May 1st to October 1st, last year.

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Canary
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

other late place, with The Yacht Club Boys and Ann Greenway entertaining. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, a rough and elaborate revue, and always crowded.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an attractive place, with the California Collegians providing the music. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Moscow Art, 216 W. 44, has an entertaining show. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is an amusing place. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—For a short drive and a dance after the theatre you might try the following, all less than an hour from Times Sq. and open until 2 A.M.—Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 2000). . . . Pelham Heath Inn, Pelham P'kway and Eastchester Rd. (Talmadge 2027), Vincent Lopez music. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Williamsbridge Rd. near Pelham P'kway (Talmadge 2295), Emil Coleman's orchestra. . . . Castilian Royal, Pelham P'kway and Eastchester Rd. (Talmadge 1349), Texas Guinan and her gang.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Life in the trenches shown in fearless, thorough, and terrifying scenes. From the German novel. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M., and Sat. at midnight.)

JOURNEY'S END—A fine movie of R. C. Sherriff's play, with Colin Clive. See it, whether you've seen the stage production or not. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Bandits, gypsies, and Lawrence Tibbett, in a Lehar operetta. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:50 P.M.)

THE SILENT ENEMY—The wilderness of the far North with careful pictures of the Ojibway Indians and their manner of living. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

SONG O' MY HEART—Laughter-and-tears and John McCormack's songs. Very well mounted and presented. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M. Closes Sat., May 31.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—A potpourri of current events without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo, speaking at last; "Mammy," minstrel-show movie, with Al Jolson still in high spirits; "The Man from Blankley's," John Barrymore in a moderately funny comedy; "Paramount on Parade," a bright and amusing movie revue, with Chevalier, Jack Oakie, and many other stars.

ART

ADVERTISING—Ninth annual exhibition of advertising art of the Art Directors Club: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs. until 9 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 31.

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BROOKLYN INSTITUTE—"Recent works by distinguished sculptors:" Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. to 6 P.M. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Eastern P'kway-Brooklyn Museum Sta.)

CHINESE—The Sunglin collection of Chinese art and archaeology, sculpture, paintings, objects of art, etc., exhibited by Herbert J. Devine: Roland Moore Galleries, 42 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 31.

GREAT AMERICAN TRILOGY—Painting by Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, the most admired of the American old masters (not so very old either) are at the Museum of Modern Art: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

MORE AMERICANS—Names which Stieglitz has helped make famous—Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Marin, and O'Keeffe: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

PRINTS—Annual exhibition of recent additions to the Library's Print Collection: Room 316, New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through the summer.

ROBINSON—Paintings by an American impressionist: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 31.

MUSIC

HALL JOHNSON NEGRO CHOIR—Assisted by "The Green Pastures" Choir, in second recital of Negro folk music: Mansfield Theatre, 47, W. of B'way; Sun. Eve., May 25, at 8:30.

ON THE AIR

MARIO CHAMLEE—Tenor soloist: Fri. Eves., May 23 and 30, at 10, over WABC.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., May 24 and 31, at 9, over WEAF.

ELLIOTT SHAW—Baritone soloist, in an all-Victor Herbert program, with orchestra, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., May 25, at 9:15, over WEAF.

ALFIO TEDESCO—Tenor soloist, on General Motors program: Mon. Eve., May 26, at 9:30, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., May 26, at 10, over WJZ.

LIGHT OPERA—Offenbach's "The Kitten Girl:" Sun. Aft., May 25, at 2, over WPAP. . . . Works by Kern and De Koven, soloists and orchestra, in RCA Hour: Thurs. Eve., May 29, at 10, over WEAF.

BILLY SUNDAY—Evangelist, speaking during Collier's Hour: Sun. Eve., May 25, at 8:15, over WJZ.

PRESIDENT HOOVER—Memorial Day address, broadcast from the National Cemetery at Gettysburg: Fri. Aft., May 30, at 2:45, over WEAF and WJZ.

BOXING—Fights at Madison Sq. Garden: Fri. Eve., May 23 and Wed. Eve., May 28, at 9:30, over WMCA. (See "SPORTS" below.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun., May 24 and 25, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Mon. through Thurs., May 26-29, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri., May 30, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), and Sat. May 31, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Al Singer vs. Ignacio Fernandez, lightweights, Fri. Eve., May 23; Kid Chocolate vs. Fidel La Barba, featherweights, Wed. Eve., May 28; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

CREW—Cornell-Harvard, Ithaca, N. Y., Sat. Aft., May 24. . . . American Henley, on the Schuylkill, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 24. . . . Princeton-Columbia-Pennsylvania on the Schuylkill, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 31. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.)

DOG SHOW—Annual Morris and Essex Kennel Club show: Giralda Farms, Madison, N. J., Sat. Morn. and Aft., May 24.

GOLF—Women's Metropolitan, Engineers Country Club, Roslyn, L. I., last two days, Fri. and Sat., May 23 and 24. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., for Roslyn at 9 and 11 A.M., and Sat. only at 12:19 and 12:37 P.M.)

RACING—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—Davis Cup, American Interzone Final, U. S. vs. Mexico: Chevy Chase Club, Chevy Chase, Md., Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 23 and 24, at 2. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Washington at 8:05 and 9:10 A.M.)

TRACK—Annual Intercollegiate Track and Field Championships: Soldier's Field, Cambridge, Mass., Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 30 and 31.

YACHTING—Championship Races on Long Island Sound: American Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., May 24; Harlem Yacht Club, Fri. Aft., May 30; Larchmont Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., May 31.

OTHER EVENTS

NEGRO PAGEANT—"De Promis' Lan'," presented by America's leading Negro actors, singers, dancers, and musicians: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., May 27, at 8:30.

NOTES—Motor driving licenses expire Sat., May 31, so you'd better hurry and get them renewed. . . . Decoration Day is Friday, May 30.

the new Fada 40

★ you can snare stations from now on, this lazy way.

You need no longer do the ungraceful bend before a densely marked dial, and a roomful of people. Or squint querulously at a blur of revolving calibrations and kilocycles. ★ For on the new Fada 40 is a remarkable device that preserves your dignity, and abolishes those funny bending exercises, for with Fada's new Flashograph you nonchalantly turn the dial . . . no need to strain for accuracy . . . and flash! a light announces the station, by name, and tuned to razor-edge preciseness. ★ It is safe here to emphasize this inertia-encouraging feature. For the inference will infallibly be drawn by our bright readers that, at $260 without tubes there must be plenty of radio behind the uncanny Flashograph. Why elaborate on screen grid tubes, superb cabinetry, static shields, control of vibration, tone that arrives as offered to the microphone . . . these must be present to justify the Fada nameplate. ★ And indeed they are. Let a Fada dealer prove it to you in his own inimitable way. ★ For folks who live in Direct Current areas the new D. C. Fada 36 console with dynamic speaker . . . $175, without tubes

Dial plate of the Fada 40 (illustrated above) showing the Flashograph in operation, a new Fada device that announces favorite stations in lights, by name, perfectly tuned.

FADA 40
Closed View

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Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies, in Canada, and for export.

FADA Radio

OVINGTON'S offers the widest selection of country china and crystal in town. Gay, informal services quaintly flowered... others brilliant with riotous blooms and blossoms... others whose shapes and contours are as modern as Brancusi. And still others with a note of formality ...such as this Country Club Service, exclusively Ovington's, of Crown Ducal ware, beautifully colored. The complete service for eight, $85... for twelve, $125. Crystal service to match for eight, $70... for twelve, $105. **OVINGTON'S** *5th Ave. at 39th St.*

Evening gown from Bergdorf Goodman

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SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

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You don't have to be a fashion detective to know that you just aren't smart if your clothes aren't ensembles . . . and *Au Tricot* presents Knit Tweeds and everything to go with them—Hats, Bags, Scarfs—not to mention Sweaters that are truly custom made.

au Tricot

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

JACK DOLTON, of the Jefferson Auto Mutual Casualty Insurance Corporation, has rushed to our side. With Jack Dolton at our side, we are certainly going to tell the world a few things about taxicabs. Mr. Dolton, appearing before the Taxicab Commission, urged smaller taxicabs for the city, and so do we. Listen to us: if we could have a car two feet shorter than those now running in the streets, it would mean a saving of eight miles of moving traffic. We are practically taking the words out of Mr. Dolton's mouth. Moreover, as Mr. Dolton has so tellingly put it, we do not need a six-cylinder car with a maximum speed of sixty-five miles an hour. We do not

need cars with a seventeen-foot wheelbase. That's what Mr. Dolton told them, and that's what we've been telling them for weeks, only they wouldn't listen.

In sharp contrast to Mr. Dolton's sudden support of our campaign, we have a letter from a Mr. McDermid in the Graybar Building saying that small cabs are no good because they fall apart. Our answer to that is a wave of the hand. London cabs are small, and most of them, it seems to us, date back to around 1908.

DAISY has it in for Mr. Shattuck. Of all places to be kicked out of, Schrafft's is the most humiliating to a Scotch terrier. "I've been kicked out of better joints than this," she said to us, under her breath, as we went through the door. The manager breathed a sigh of relief. He was such a worrier, that manager; and all for nothing. There are pleasant restaurants downtown where Daisy is one of the welcome, if unlawful, guests, and where she is the admired of all eyes.

In those places, sitting by our side in quiet violation of a city ordinance, she enjoys life to the full. But at Schrafft's, smuggled in and placed inconspicuously under the table, she detected a faint aura of legality and respectability about the place, and it made her restless. We don't mean that she made any fuss; we merely mean that when, discovered and dismissed, we finally gathered up our things and left during the meat course, we plainly heard her say: "Very well, then, let's get the hell out of here."

THERE was a rumor about town last week that H. P. Whitney was buying twenty Austin cars to be kept on his estate for the amusement of his weekend guests. The idea was that each guest, immediately upon arriving, would be assigned a car for his own personal use. The rumor was denied at 12:01 on the afternoon of the day it started, but the beautiful thought behind it should not be allowed to die.

The ideal weekend is in sight. As things are now, the one thing lacking about a weekend visit is the possibility of escape. Were a guest provided with a small automobile of some sort, he could drive off into the woods Saturday right after dinner, camp there quietly until Sunday night, when he would return in the car, thank his host, and depart for town on the first available train.

WE were thinking about the part whiskey plays in marital happiness. It must be, we figured out, because in some strange way a decanter suggests an English comedy of manners, with its fairly happy ending. Let us take two couples, one of them having Scotch in the cupboard, the other not. In each household a quarrel comes up. One of the husbands, possessed of no Scotch, gets up, goes to the window, and stands there, sober and distressed, looking bleakly out. His wife observes

him through the corner of her eye; and he reminds her so strongly of a character in an Ibsen play that the whole domestic situation takes on Norwegian proportions, and the only solution is murder, suicide, separation, or divorce. The other husband goes to the sideboard and pours himself a drink of straight Scotch. His wife, seeing him, realizes that he and she are just actors in any English comedy of manners, and by five minutes of eleven they are living peaceably again, happy as two little sparrows.

Prize Poet

CONRAD AIKEN, who won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, has written nine volumes of poetry and three of fiction in sixteen years. Most of them have made very little money, so the Pulitzer thousand dollars came in

handy. Aiken has a wife and three children. In many ways he follows the accepted pattern of the artist: he seldom buys clothes, likes to sit up all night and talk on profound subjects, and fiddles and fusses around a long time before getting down to work. In other ways he departs from the general rule: he doesn't subscribe to a clipping bureau, won't lecture or give readings, hasn't got a complete shelf of his works, and has a violent dislike for many of his own books. Some years ago a scathing review of his "Nocturne of Remembered Spring" appeared in the Chicago *Daily News*. Anti-Aiken critics thought it was swell, as revealing clearly what was the matter with him. He wrote the review himself. He buys up, or makes off with, copies of his early books when he comes across them. They are not easy to find. In six years his book called "Senlin" has earned only two dollars and ten cents in royalties. The English edition of "Festus" sold only thirty copies. His novel "Blue Voyage" did fairly well, and is probably the book best known to the general public.

Aiken comes from Savannah. He is forty. He ran with the tougher boys as a youth, went to Harvard when he grew up, quit in his senior year to ride a bicycle around England. His legal residence is in Rye, England, and he likes it better there than in Cambridge, where he lives when he is in America. Because of his Oxonian accent he is often mistaken for an Englishman.

When the poet is writing, he coops himself up and works hard at it. He composes on a typewriter, and has for three years. His first draft of a novel is his last—doesn't rewrite. If he is just nursing an idea for a book, he potters around, maybe for months, playing the piano, going to see the Greta Garbo movies, visiting art galleries, teasing kittens. Whether working, or just thinking about it, he rarely goes to teas or formal dinners, and will not dance in public. Once in a long while he carries a cane. He plays a little tennis and likes to watch baseball. He is best at croquet, though, and once went all the way around the wickets in one turn, a feat which he still talks about. He thinks a split infinitive is never justified. He is easily bored. Once, in yawning, he unhinged his jaw.

Aiken replies to all letters, even those from autograph and photograph-hunters. Not long ago an ignorant farmer lad wrote him and asked him how he

"Let's go in here. Metro-Goldwyn pictures are always good."

could become famous as a writer. Aiken wrote the boy a long, fatherly letter and sent him a copy of "The Golden Treasury." Later the poet found out that the "ignorant farmer lad" was a friend of his who had written the letter for a joke. He *still* answers letters.

For a time the poet was an instructor at Harvard, but lost his job when three graybearded graduates protested that the author of "Blue Voyage" was not a fit teacher of the young. He is quite a traveller and has crossed the Atlantic twenty-odd times. He is shy about saying who he is. Once a bishop he met on a transatlantic trip asked him his name. "Aiken," said Aiken. "And what is your line, Mr. Aiken?" asked the bishop. "Blank verse," said the poet, sourly.

'Broidery

THE other day one of our friends who ordered a dinner suit made by a London tailor received a letter from the tailor advising him that his suit had been dispatched to America. "Kindly note," the letter went on, "that the braid is omitted from the trousers; if the same was upon them they would be declared 'embroidery' and an additional charge of 40% would be made." The man has since had the braid added, under the protection of the American flag, but he says he feels rather frilly and ornate whenever he gets dressed for dinner, and pecks at his food like a woman.

Grover's Feast

MOST banquets end with a deficit but the big Whalen gorge at the Astor showed a profit. Forty cents per capita was realized. It will go to charity. Even had the dinner shown a loss, it wouldn't have mattered, because it had been underwritten by William H. Woodin. The hotel was paid for two thousand, three hundred and seventy-five guests. Of these about a hundred were deadheads—the reporters, Mrs. Whalen's party of twenty-two, and special friends.

Picking sponsors was like Tap Day at Yale. Forty-two separate organizations submitted lists of prospects, the finest flower of the city. The Merchants' Association alone nominated two hundred of its stalwarts. Other organizations suggested anywhere from six to one hundred names. The names were carded, duplicates were weeded out, and nine hundred and eighty-one names were left. Each of these persons received a telegram beginning "You have been appointed a member of the honorary committee of prominent citizens now organizing," etc., including a clause to the effect that there would be no demand on a fellow's time. Of the nine hundred and eighty-one who were asked to serve, six hundred accepted. (This, we happen to know, is a very large response in the sponsorship world.) Only four carping replies were received, from obscure persons. No prominent carping trouble.

Mr. John R. Young of the Merchants' Association had charge of the whole affair. He is one of the ablest banquet men in town—been doing it twenty years. He sent out sixteen thousand invitations. (A friend of ours got six himself.) A good many people who failed to receive a bid had somebody call up Mr. Young to see what could be done. Harry Reichenbach, the Mayor's friend, wasn't satisfied with being invited, but wanted to be a speaker. He wasn't. He brought his wife as a guest, as did a few others, contrary to the rule that there were to be no women outside of Mrs. Whalen's private party. One Abraham Gelbfish enclosed eight dollars and some doggerel, saying that he would like this to be sung by the chairman and that he wanted to be seated directly in front of the dais. Informed that this was impossible, he demanded his money back, got it, and didn't appear at all.

There were no gigantic wits among the speakers. Mr. Young wanted Irvin Cobb, but the committee felt it would be too frivolous. They contented themselves with the President of the Board of Aldermen, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the President of the Retail Dry Goods Association, and like that.

Certain people can be depended on to attend or sponsor banquets. Lee Eastman of the Packard Motor Car Company is an ardent banqueteer, as are Colonel Friedsam (Altman's), George W. Burleigh, and George Gordon Battle. Eastman was on twelve invitation lists for the dinner, but Friedsam topped him, being on seventeen. J. P. Morgan sent his regrets, saying he never acted on a committee. Gene Tunney attended, guest of James I. Bush.

Seven detectives in evening dress helped stem the gate-crashers. Grover Brown, boss of the Wall Street detective group, who knows by sight every man of wealth or prominence in town, was invaluable. Men from the bomb squad added to the gaiety. Also twenty picked cops, in case Major Campbell made a raid. Campbell never came. If he had arrived without a search warrant, the police had instructions to beat him up, gently. Whalen wanted an announcement sent out with each invitation, saying not to bring liquor, but Young, always the clever banqueteer, persuaded him that the newspapers would play this up and it would look silly. Some people did bring liquor, but there were no drunks.

Mess

ONE of the officers of the U.S.S. Worden has handed us a letter from the Literary Guild of America to the wardroom mess of his ship, notifying them that their subscription has expired. The letterhead bears the names of Mr. Carl Van Doren, Mr. Burton Rascoe, Miss Julia Peterkin, and Dr. Joseph Wood Krutch. The letter is addressed to "Mr. Wardroom Mess." "Dear Mr. Mess," it begins.

Horses' Pals

ALL racing stables have watchdogs on the premises, and most stables also have other animals—a goat, a rabbit, or something—because it soothes the horses to have playmates. We learned this from a turf gentleman, who told us some amusing cases. If a horse strikes up a friendship with a

rabbit and the rabbit wanders away, it can spoil the horse's career. Almost every racehorse has a dear friend somewhere in the stable (a dog, another horse, a man), and trainers are quick to recognize the importance of such friendships. They know that horses won't perform well on the track unless things are running smoothly at home.

Vander Pool, one of the best two-year-olds this season, is crazy about his groom. He has won seven races, and after each race the groom has made a bed for himself in the stall and slept there all night. Vander Pool allows no one to enter the stall while the groom is asleep—doesn't like to have him disturbed.

Man o' War was devoted to a big hunter named General Trot, and when the great racer was retired to the stud, General Trot was allowed to go with him as a special dispensation. They are still inseparable, and very happy. Then there was Mrs. Virginia Fair Vanderbilt's gray horse named Nicholas. After paying thirty thousand dollars for Nicholas, she was told that he was fretting about something, and that he couldn't possibly win purses unless he got in a better frame of mind. A veterinary was called, examined Nicholas, and found him sound in every particular. Finally someone remembered that there was a certain lead pony in Nicholas' past. The pony was purchased, the light came back into Nicholas' eye, and he began to win races.

And there was Display, who won a quarter of a million in purses. He had a stable pony for a playmate. Used to chew the pony's mane constantly. Just a nervous habit, but it steadied him before a hard race.

Tippity Witchet, known as a lonely little horse, had a goat for a companion. The goat lived in Tippity's stall, and they were inseparable. Epinard, true to France, had a filly named Satin Slipper, with whom he lived quite openly. Papyrus, the English Derby winner, loved a black cat.

Horses, our turfman told us, form dislikes as quickly as they form attachments. Many a stablehand has quit because he found himself unpopular with a certain horse. We never knew, either, that horses kick only when they think you are pushing them—a purely defensive measure. When they want to start something, they don't kick, they bite. We always had thought that thoroughbreds were very intelligent, but our friend said, somewhat regretfully, that they are really not bright—just creatures of habit. They spend little or no time thinking, but they remember things. They're like elephants that way. They never forget.

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DECORUM NOTE: In Fourteenth Street, near Seventh Avenue, the Golden Age Hand Laundry is conducting business on a standard so high as to be worth mentioning. A large sign in the window bears witness that "Ladies' Underthings are laundered by Ladies only." More couldn't be asked.

Eye-Openers

A VERY fine old gentleman who still lives in Murray Hill has been going around very little of late, but last Thursday evening he went to a party of quite young people, something to do with a niece. Although naturally conservative, he is tolerant, and has been pretty well able to accept as commonplace the fact that not only young men but young women these days take up smoking at an early age. Nevertheless he could not but be interested in a sweet girl of about eighteen who, alone of a group of six or seven of her sex, was not smoking. He saw her, in fact, decline a cigarette. "You don't smoke," he remarked, as an observation, not as a question. "Oh, yes," she replied, "but I've got such terrible nicotine poisoning I haven't been able to take a puff for a month." At the party this old gentleman had one other experience which took him aback. He was introduced to a youth whose name was, we will say, Staunton. It came out that Mr. Staunton was from New Haven. This interested the older man, who recalled that when he had gone to Yale he had had a good friend there of the same name. He asked the young man if, by any chance, he was related to him. "Yes, indeed," said the latter, "he's my great-grandfather."

Gimcracks

THE presence, on any mantelpiece, of a small china dog, a nude lady in soap, or even a ship model, could as like as not be traced to a man named Irving W. Rice. Every year about this time Mr. Rice goes abroad, mostly to the German and Austrian Tyrol, to ask peasants what they have in the way of a small funny dog. His pilgrimages have been so regular the village folk remember him—and jump their prices accordingly.

We were talking to Mr. Rice recently, in an attempt to get to the bottom of funny dogs. He's quite an authority on the American gimcrack. He says nine-tenths of all the china, wood, and glass novelties in New York apartments and in suburban homes were made in the small villages of Central Europe. Farmers, shopkeepers, artisans—they do it all after hours, sitting around the café table, or at home in the evening. Strangely enough, prohibition in America has made many a Tyrolean farmer well-to-do. They regard the law as ridiculous, but they are bright enough to know that Americans enjoy any little novelty deriding the law. One peasant a few years ago produced a sardonic china bellboy struggling with a pile of cocktail glasses. The novelty sold in America and the epidemic started. It was the beginning of the rage for prohibition crockery—anything, from a china Uncle Sam astride a china beer keg to small deceptive flasks and queer bottles.

Another farmer, in a German village, evolved a powderpuff holder, in extremely thin glass. He made what was for him a fortune.

Mr. Rice says the ship-model epidemic ended last year, and he estimates the china-dog fever will be over in a few months. It may be bulls or goats next. More likely it will be stage-

coaches. Mr. Rice stands ready to flood the country next year with gay little coaches of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, postillions, prancing horses, everything. If business is good, old-fashioned American coaches later on.

China animals stuffed with bath salts have been a pretty good number. Mr. Rice has much to answer for. Even at that, we envy him his Saturday nights in Tyrolean hamlets, novelties or no novelties.

Reno Note

THE wife of a wealthy Philadelphian, in Reno getting a divorce, obtained her decree about the first of the month, and told her colored chauffeur, Randall, that they would start back the next day. Randall informed her that they couldn't go until the twenty-fifth. Being a family man himself, he had decided quietly to get a divorce, too, he said, but couldn't get his decree until late in the month. The lady stayed.

Homework

SOME prominent students of Columbia University who won't be around in person for Commencement exercises this spring include fifty or more prisoners scattered in various jails about the country. They are enrolled in the University's Home Study Department, and are diligently boning up on subjects which range from First Year Spanish to Geology C3. A professor tells us that the majority go in for English Composition, short-story courses, and so on, and that a few do surprisingly well—get good marks from the start, and soon are writing for the *American Mercury*. Others are more recondite. Both Leopold and Loeb, for instance, have been doing very well this past year in Latin and Philosophy. Marcus Garvey, the Negro editor and organizer, when he went to jail a few years back, immediately enrolled in one of the poetry courses. He turned out some surprisingly good lyrics, but began slipping badly as soon as he got out of jail—wrote practically nothing, in fact. There are, by the way, some pretty well-known Home Study students outside of jail too: Thomas Edison's daughter, a number of actors and actresses, Margaret Sanger, who is taking three courses in magazine writing, and Nan Britton, who is studying Fiction Composition.

Lagniappe

A HOUSEWIFE who was having her apartment redecorated became aware that one of the painters was distressed about something. It became quite obvious to her. He fidgeted, he cast surreptitious glances at her from time to time, his mind wandered from his work. Finally he put down his brush and approached her. "Lady," he said, "I know it's none of my business, but I have been noticing those canaries of yours in the corner. Now, I know something about canaries, and them birds won't be healthy and happy until they get their claws clipped. What do you say I bring my clippers along tomorrow and clip their claws?" He got the job. —THE NEW YORKERS

"Please, sweetheart, don't spoil my dream!"

"Avez-vous 'Ulysses'?"

QUO VADIMUS?

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE—YOU KNOW, LIKE IN THE SUNDAY TIMES MAGAZINE

A MAN approaching me in East Thirty-fourth Street, in the thick of noon, had so queer a look in his eye, such a fudgy and fearful expression, I stopped him.

"Quo vadis?" I asked.

"You mean me?" he said, sheepishly.

"Yes, sure. Quo vadis?" I repeated. "Where the hell are you going?"

"I won't tell you, because you wouldn't understand," he replied.

"Well then," I said, "I'll put it this way: quo vadimus? Where are either of us going?"

He seemed stunned. A woman, shopping, bumped lightly against him. At length he spoke, in a clear, low, frightened voice.

"I'll tell you where I'm going. I'm on my way to the Crowbar Building, Forty-first and Park, in Pershing Square, named after General Pershing in the Grand Central zone, zone as in Zonite, because I forgot to tell Miss Cortwright to leave a note for Mr. Josefson when he comes in, telling him he should tell the engraver to vignette the halftone on page forty-three of the salesmen's instruction book that Irwain, Weasey, Weasey & Button are getting out for the Fretherby-Quigley Company, which is to go to all their salesmen on the road."

"What do the salesmen sell?" I said, quietly.

"They sell a new kind of shorthand course, called the Quigley Method of Intensive Speedwriting."

"Very good," I said. "That's just the kind of errand I imagined you to be on. As I understand it, recapitulating, you are on your way to the Crowbar Building, Forty-first and Park, in Pershing Square named after General Pershing, hero of the song, 'Many a cootie came over from France in General Pershing's underpants,' in the Grand Central zone, zone as in Zonite, because you forgot to tell Miss Cortwright to leave a note for Mr. Josefson when he comes in, telling him he should tell the engraver to vignette the halftone on page forty-three of a booklet that Irwain, Weasey, Weasey & Button are getting out for the Fretherby-Quigley Company, instructing their salesmen how to approach people to sell the Quigley Method of Intensive Speedwriting, which in turn will enable girls like Miss Cortwright to take Mr. Josefson's dictation when he has to send a memo to the engraver telling him not to forget to vignette a halftone in a booklet telling salesmen how to sell shorthand courses. Is that correct?"

"That's where I'm going," said the man.

"Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself!" I cried.

"I don't know whether I am or not," he said, with a slight touch of indignation.

"Listen, my friend," I went on, fixing him with my eye, "all you really want is a decent meal when it comes mealtime, isn't it?"

"And a warm place to sleep when it comes night," he added, quickly, almost eagerly.

"Exactly, and a warm place to sleep when it comes night. All right then, don't you think that you, who just want a decent meal when it comes mealtime, and a warm place to sleep when it comes night—don't you think you are pretty far from the main issue if you're on your way to tell a Miss Cortwright to leave a note for a Mr. Josefson telling him to . . ."

HE motioned me with his hand to stop. "You needn't go on. Yes, I'm far from the issue, sir," he said. "But I do not know what to do. It must be something about the age—what do they call it, the 'machine' age? This Miss Cortwright . . . I don't know. This Josefson . . . I don't know. Nice people, I suppose. It is all so complex. I just drifted into it."

"Exactly," I said. "And it's getting worse, mind you. I predict a bright future for complexity in this country. Did it ever occur to you that there's no limit to how complicated things can get, on account of one thing always leading to another? Did you ever stop to consider how the Cortwrights lead to the Josefsons, and how the Josefsons lead to the engravers? Paths of glory, leading to the engravers, my man. Did you ever stop to think what might happen if people by accident forgot where the whole thing started?"

The man shook his head, very slightly. His eyes were bright but out of focus. I went on, sternly.

"Only the other evening," I said, "I stopped a man on Broadway who had in his face the same look that I detected in *your* face a moment ago. To him, too, I said: 'Quo vadis?' And he, too, told me a story much like yours. He told me, my friend, that he was on his way to see a Mr. Fitch in the Pari-Mutuel Building, who wanted to get permission to make a talking picture of an airplane towing a glider in which was seated a man listening to a radio which was receiving a colored dialogue between two men named Amos and Andy who were talking together in order to advertise a toothpaste and the name of the toothpaste was . . ."

"Pepsodent," put in my man.

"Yes, Pepsodent. And that man—all he really wanted, when you came right down to it, was a decent meal when it came mealtime."

"And a warm place to sleep when it came night," added my friend, hurriedly.

"Exactly."

THERE was a pause in our conversation at this point. Cars passed back and forth in the street. Women shoppers brushed lightly against us—women who were on their way to buy fringes for lampshades, women who were on their way to buy printed silk, women who were on their way to buy the hooks that hold the rods that hold the curtains. Suddenly my friend addressed me.

"Now *you* tell *me* where *you're* going!" he said, sharply.

"Ha, not on your life — you don't catch me that way," I cried. "I'm not telling you where I'm going."

"I suppose you're going fishing," said the man, smirking.

"Smirk again and I'll smack you," I said. "I always smack smirkers."

He smirked. I smacked him.

"Now ask me where I'm go-

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

"I've forgotten already—my mind works so fast."

ing!" I said, holding him by the arm.

"I bet I can guess where you're going. I bet you're a writer, on his way to write something. I know your type. You're going to write a story about 'complexity'—about meeting a man in East Thirty-fourth Street who was on his way to the Crowbar Building in Pershing Square, named after General Pershing in the Grand Central zone, zone as in Zonite, because he forgot to tell Miss Cortwright to leave a note for Mr. Josefson to tell the engraver to vignette the halftone . . ."

"Dont repeat it," I said, breaking down. "That's exactly where I'm going."

". . . so a person like Miss Cortwright will have something to read, and not understand, when she isn't busy with dictation," he said, finishing up.

"That's it."

"And all you want is a decent meal when it comes mealtime, isn't it?" asked my friend.

"And a warm place to sleep when it comes night," I added quickly, almost eagerly.

"Sure, I know," he said. "Well, vale!"

"Vale, kid!" I replied. And we continued on our lonely and imponderable ways. —E. B. W.

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE honor which has come to John Masefield proves once more the importance of going out of the saloon business. We make a present of this argument to Dr. McBride, God's junior partner.

•

Speaker Longworth and a lot of other representatives had to be arrested before they would attend a session the other day. That is exactly how many of us feel about going to debates.

•

England's prison population, the Home Secretary shows, has been reduced fifty per cent in a half-century. We will not point with pride to our own record because it is not polite to point.

•

Ambassador Dawes praised the Glasgow Boys' Brigade bagpipe band, saying in part: "There wasn't a flaw in the playing." So there must be some way to tell bagpipe playing from flaws.

•

Now that Private Cagle has lost his privacy, the Army's victories for two years are theoretically null and void. Everybody is pretty thankful that Red did not help to win the war.

•

New York State's death rate dropped to a low figure in March while unemployment was at its worst. So many people were spending their time in wholesome idleness.

•

In a noble experiment in Alabama a bug makes oil from brewer's malt. The creature works for nothing a week and boards himself and is the ideal of the Southern manufacturer's dreams.

•

For some obscure reason Borough President Miller is trying to put a stop to the growing custom of not living in Manhattan. What our island really needs is fewer and better faces.

•

Secretary Stimson made an earnest plea for the five-power pact before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. "Committeemen," he said, "spare that treaty."

•

Coolidge asks the photographers to let the family alone while they are moving into their new house. In this cause

we will cheerfully give up our share in the ex-Presidential moving pictures.

•

Our revised idea of the great American writer is one who can make an automatic lead pencil work.

•

Those Communists showed unusually poor judgment in urging a strike in the navy while the boys were on their way to a dance. That is the very time when a gob does not feel discontented with his lot. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

THAT'S FOR YOU

When the knife slips into you,
Set your teeth, and hold your tongue!
Knives in flesh are nothing new,
Seldom withers go unwrung.

When you bury love, at sea,
When your friend deserts, in war,
Likely, you've a weird to dree—
Don't debate the Things That Are!

Bite the bullet—bite the dust—
Not a whimper—not a groan!
That's for you .... If bleed I must,
I had rather have it known.

—FANNY HEASLIP LEA

MONSIEUR LE COMMISSAIRE

IT is only natural that Monsieur le Commissaire, head of the police in the little French town where I reside, having built a fine new city hall, must take the best means at hand to pay for it. I could understand that, and I could understand his unwillingness to climb the steep hill to my house to arrest and fine me for not having a *carte d'identité* and thus collect part of the needed money. It was much easier to wait at the bottom and nab me there. I could even understand his anger at discovering that I presented, for proof of identification, a letter in English dunning me for payment of a bill instead of what he believed to be a letter from my employers.

THESE things are simple. But for the life of me I will never be able to understand his pompous density about another matter.

As I was passing his fine new city hall several days after our difficulties had been settled, he stopped me and, in his politely official way, asked me how Arabella Fermor was marching these days.

I replied that she was marching very well and asked, in some surprise, how he had come to know about her. Mysteriously, he replied that he had ways and means of finding out these things. Then Monsieur le Commissaire suggested a rather curious thing. He said that perhaps it might be a good thing for Mademoiselle Fermor to have a *carte d'identité* as well as myself.

"But Monsieur," I explained in some astonishment, "Arabella Fermor is a cat."

"A cat?" Monsieur le Commissaire asked suspiciously. "Oh, no, Monsieur, I am sure she is not a cat. I know about such things."

I assured him that his thoughts, while they might be considered flattering, were not of a verity. Arabella Fermor was a cat.

"But," Monsieur le Commissaire pointed out, "one does not send a post card to a cat."

That told me how he had found out about Arabella. A friend who admires

"There's your trouble with Number Three. He don't submerge himself."

her had sent a post card in her name only the day before.

"Such is the case," I replied, "in this instance."

"Monsieur," he said, still unbelieving, "you have trifled with the law once. I assure you that it will do no good to repeat your act. Mademoiselle Fermor must get for herself a *carte d'identité* at once. It is upon you to see to this."

"A cat—" I began.

"I am not the one to vouch for the character of Mademoiselle Fermor," he informed me. "If the lady is a cat that is a misfortune of your own. But I assure you once again that all would be better for you if you brought her to see me immediately. Otherwise . . ." He spread his hands eloquently.

Though I tried to convince him, he would have none of it. He told me to return with her that same day or take the consequences, and then strode back into his new city hall.

CLEARLY there was nothing to do but follow his instructions. So I went home, put Arabella, mewing in protest against these governmental proceedings, into her basket and returned to the city hall. Into the office of Monsieur le Commissaire I went with the basket.

"Now then," he said, "you have returned. And where is Mademoiselle Fermor?"

"As you requested me, Monsieur," I told him, "I have now brought her with me."

He looked about in some bewilderment. Dramatically, as if I were a conjuror of some sort, I opened the basket, Arabella jumped out, and I announced, "Here we have her."

It did not, as I expected, ruffle Monsieur le Commissaire. He informed me that he knew exactly what it was I was trying to do. I was trying to evade the law once again. Quite probably I had by now hidden the real Mademoiselle Fermor and was only trying to make him believe that my untruth was a fact by bringing this substitute. He was ready to admit that what I had brought him was a cat. He knew one when he saw one. But how did he know it was Arabella Fermor?

In the circumstances, he went on, there was only one thing to do, and that was to see if the cat answered to the name of Arabella. If it did, all was as I had said. If it did not, it would go hard with me.

I prepared to call Arabella but he put up his hand, stopping me. "Because it is a thing of the law," he said, "I myself will call her." Sitting behind his desk he pulled down his coat and cleared his throat.

"Ahrahbayla!" he called.

Arabella made no movement, but sat looking disdainfully away. I was apprehensive about the outcome.

"Ahrahbayla!" Monsieur le Commissaire called once again.

By some miracle of fortune Arabella pricked up her ears. She looked at Monsieur le Commissaire. She gave a little hop. She patted over to him. She rubbed against his leg. She jumped up onto his lap. She settled down. She purred.

TODAY Monsieur le Commissaire and Arabella are fast friends. He drops in every once in a while to see her. He still can't understand, however, why anybody should send a post card to a cat, and he remains rather disappointed that the whole affair turned out as it did, for it might have helped a little toward paying for the new city hall.

—THEODORE PRATT

"Watch your car, Mister? I'm the toughest kid on the block."

A LITTLE EPISODE

IT was raining. A thick, wet mist hung over the city. The dark aisle of the Grand Central into which trains creep from 125th Street was dank. The air in the coaches was musty. Many people still had their mouths open as they moved slowly out of the train. A few persons whistled for porters; most of the travellers avoided the porters, jostled, crowded, waved damply up the platform, like a wet blanket. A heavy man with a red neck and a dark suit and a dark overcoat and nose glasses was carrying a pallid little boy in his arms. The boy's fat mother walked behind them, grinning. The father carried the boy to the window of the electric locomotive.

"Is the engineer in there?" called the father. "Is the engineer in there?"

"What's that?"

"Is the engineer here? Are you the engineer?"

"Yes, I'm the engineer."

"This young man wants to see the engineer. He wants to shake hands with the engineer."

"He wanted to see the engineer," said the mother, grinning. The little boy stared dully at the people going by, up the ramp.

"This is the engineer," said the father. "Here is the engineer, right here."

"He wanted to see the engineer," said the mother. The engineer leaned out of the cab.

"Hah are ya, young fella?" said the engineer, and put out his hand. The pale little boy recoiled against his father's chest, looking slightly alarmed.

"Shake hands with the engineer," said his father. The little boy pulled his hands back, and put them behind him. His mother forced one of them loose and held it up toward the cab window. "He wants to meet the engineer," she said, grinning more than she had been grinning. The father's neck was redder. The engineer grasped the little hand. "Hah d' ya do, young fella?" he said. The boy looked at him, and then looked over his shoulder at the crowd, now disappearing. The engineer still held his hand, but the boy pulled it loose.

"Ha, ha," said the father. "Well, what do you think about that, hah?"

"Nice," said the mother to the boy. "He wanted to shake hands with the engineer," she said to the engineer.

—JAMES THURBER

"All right,
boys, down she comes."

TRAGEDY OF A PRACTICAL WOMAN

Where is she to go now, the sad and bereft,
Who has not, of all she treasured, one treasure left,
Neither the four walls that sheltered her nor the bed
On which she dreamed nor the board at which she fed,
Neither the frail plants she so long studied to house,
Nor the friend she thought to bind to herself with vows?
What is she to do now, who cannot conceive
How one who took such meticulous care to achieve
Security, must learn as well as another,
That misfortune can draw the breath from the body and smother
The life from the soul; that there is no known way
Of forcing walls to be firm and friends to stay;
Of making solid the restless and laboring earth
That hourly schemes to kill and travails in birth?

—HELENE MULLINS

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THE GOLDEN AGE

A SUMMARY OF THE BENEFITS OF PROHIBITION

As the debate gets hotter and the prohibition "statistics" roll in, we note the flowering of a new school of scientists: prohibition economists, psychologists, doctors, criminologists. Reading their glorious findings in every morning's paper, we are just beginning to realize all that the Eighteenth Amendment has really done for America.

To be sure, the drys have claimed nearly everything but the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes for prohibition, but it seems to us they have been fairly modest. No one can very well deny that prosperity, a contented peasantry, a radio-in-every-home, good roads, and the English sparrow all came in with the Eighteenth Amendment. The hand of the Anti-Saloon League is quicker than the eye. It has taken the place of *le bon Dieu* and Mother Nature as official dispenser of lollypops; and the half of it hasn't been told yet.

FOR example, since the manufacture, transport, and sale of intoxicating liquors was made a criminal offence, Lindbergh has flown the Atlantic Ocean, the world's record for the mile has been broken three times, America has kept the Lipton Cup, Edison has discovered a way to make rubber from goldenrod, the membership of the New York *Social Register* has increased to forty thousand, Valentino has died, Rudy Vallée has left Yale; and Free Silver, the Maine, the Alamo, Tippecanoe and Tyler Too, and saving the buffalo, have become dead issues politically. Prohibition works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

Between January 1, 1920, and December 31, 1929 (the date of the last count), the sun rose three thousand,

"Mis' Rankin, may I ask how you liked mah cousin George in 'De Green Pastures'?"

six hundred and fifty times plus three for leap years. It also set three thousand, six hundred and fifty times plus three for leap years. Several eclipses appeared on schedule, and the moon was equally orderly in its appearances, weather permitting. What had been pullets and calves before the Eighteenth Amendment was written into the Constitution became hens and cows shortly afterward and added substantially to the national wealth in eggs, milk, and butter. The improvement in the attitude of the Gulf Stream toward prohibition America has been noticeable, while it has shown increasing coldness toward wet England. Trees in every state in the Union went to work with a cheer as soon as their state had ratified the Amendment and at this writing every single one is bigger than it was in 1919. (The trees in Connecticut and Rhode Island, which never ratified the Amendment, have not shown up so well.) Is it any wonder that no one longs for the return of the saloon?

Never before in the history of the United States have laws been so cheerfully obeyed—notably the laws of gravity, diminishing returns, averages, supply and demand, osmosis, self-preservation, and Bode's Law (planetary distances equal the sum of 4 and a multiple of 3 by successive powers of 2).

"Oh, I never fall in love with my doctor—practically."

• •

IT is easy to point to other developments since prohibition became a law, and their significance cannot be exaggerated. The population of the United States has increased since prohibition until it is now one hundred and twenty-four million, while at the same time in Peru, where the sale of intoxicating beverages is permitted, the chinchilla has become almost extinct. The number of automobiles per capita in America is something you wouldn't believe, whereas in France, the land of the fermented grape, the hoof-and-mouth disease is still a problem. America is bounded by two oceans, the Great Lakes, and the Gulf of Mexico, but wet Switzerland is entirely landlocked. Under prohibition the American investor can get as high as six per cent in dividends on sound common stocks, while the Federal Reserve Bank system is still unknown in Baluchistan. Nineteen-thirty is the 1,930th year according to American figuring, but the polygamous Mohammedans make it only their 1,349th. It will be interesting to watch the wets try to dismiss these suggestive facts and figures.

Prohibition has brought us within hailing distance of Utopia, and we are not faltering. Our boys are bringing in new statistics every day. America spends $879,000,000 annually for armaments and not one cent for tribute. One loaf of bread makes twenty-four small, thin sandwiches. People born under the sign of Virgo, August 22-September 22, are companionable, lively, hopeful, natural-born teases, and like home. Corn needs potash. Good layers moult early. The asteroid Vesta has a diameter of two hundred and forty miles. The family of one pair of Colorado potato-beetles in one season would exceed fifty million. Australia now has four hundred and twenty-two air pilots. The button was not invented before the buttonhole. The library charge per book per day kept overtime is two cents. The proprietors are not responsible for property not checked. You have Dominicans, Dogs of the Lord, but I have a stool that was made from a board. Llewellyn, last prince of Wales, is dead. The Eskimaws have frozen jaws. Don't cry, it's just a movie.

But why do we go on? We need only say that, as long as these facts remain true, the Anti-Saloon League, the W.C.T.U., and the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance, and Public Murals will not entertain for a moment any thought of repealing that most versatile blessing a nation ever had, the Eighteenth Amendment.

—DAVID CORT

PROFILES

LITTLE GIANT—II

MR. UNTERMYER'S practice is varied. A world map of his clients would be studded with colored pins from Argentina to Turkey. For a fee of seven hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars he has merged copper companies worth one hundred million dollars; for no fee at all he has defended bricklayers on trial before their own union for unbricklayerlike conduct. He was the unfeed lawyer for Mrs. Sanger years ago when she first started preaching what was then called "race suicide." He has represented Reds and Cabinet officers. He has officiated in our most pretentious divorce cases and our most chic annulments, appearing for Geraldine Farrar when she disespoused Lou-Tellegen and for Alexander Smith Cochran when he escaped from Ganna Walska. In the case of Charles W. Morse, the shipping king, he even annulled an annulment. Few great railroad, insurance, or banking wars or mergers of the last half-century have been complete without Untermyer.

Samuel Untermyer

Criminal law is not his line, but he gave an interesting specimen of his art in the Crisanti case in 1909. Crisanti, a sailor, had come home unexpectedly, to the astonishment of Mme. Crisanti and a boarder. One thing led to another, and the impulsive woman plunged a breadknife between her husband's shoulder-blades.

While this case was pending, Mr. Untermyer happened to make an address before the Bar Association. He heaped his usual abuse on the profession. What were the leading lawyers of the day but "a lot of highly paid clerks to guide financiers in the way of keeping prayerfully within the law"? Where were the great advocates? Where were the Erskines, the Evarts, the Rufus Choates, the Charles O'Conors? Dead were "the arts, learning, and graces of advocacy." He praised medicine for its free service to the poor, and denounced the bar for its servility to the rich. It was a disgrace to civilization, he said, that penniless culprits should be represented by untried lads. He assailed the judges for failing to assign distinguished counsellors to defend paupers charged with serious offences.

Judge Malone took the speaker at his word and assigned him to defend Mme. Crisanti. It was Untermyer's maiden murder case. One circumstance embarrassed him: the fact that the knife had penetrated the back. Self-defence, however, was the plea; the sailor was found to have been so aggressive that he attacked with his back. He was, in fact, retrogressing at Mme. Crisanti with unique ferocity when the blade found lodgment between the hostile shoulder-blades. Aside from her frailties, Mme. Crisanti was a jewel of a woman, a model dam to the young Crisantis; the late tar had been very trying. Such was the case. Untermyer was at his best. The jury was swept off its feet. There was never any question about the acquittal; the only question was one of aiding suffering womanhood. Twelve men came back from the jury room with red-rimmed eyes, a verdict of not guilty, and a purse of five hundred dollars which they had raised among themselves for Mme. Crisanti. A pretty touch was added to the case on the following Christmas. A magnificently rigged ship was delivered at the Untermyer home. Mme. Crisanti and the boarder, now united in the bonds of holy matrimony, had constructed it with their own hands; it was an exact model of Crisanti's, the husband's, last ship.

MR. UNTERMYER started in earnest on his Wall-Street-baiting career in 1903, when he concluded that the bankers had been very rough in reorganizing the United States Shipping Company. He represented certain bondholders; when he took the case, the bonds were selling at ten dollars, and when he got through with the case, they had attained a value of more than two thousand dollars. His financial masterpiece, however, was that of chiselling two million dollars off Ganna Walska's claim against one of her earlier husbands. Questioning Charles M. Schwab for three days, the lawyer was greatly impressed and bought a huge block of Bethlehem. He eventually profited to the extent of many millions by his faith in Brother Charlie. A year later the lawyer played a part in stirring up the insurance scandals, and his eyes were further opened to the failings of Wall Street. In the clamor for reform he became one of the trinity of ill-assorted and mutually hostile loudspeakers of the period—Roosevelt, Untermyer, and Tom Lawson. He was cheek by jowl with the satanic William Jennings Bryan, who never, under any circumstances, referred to Untermyer except as "America's greatest lawyer." He was active in the great insurance wars of 1904 and 1905 as unpaid counsel for policyholders and also for a time as paid counsel for James Hazen Hyde, who owned fifty-one per cent of the capital stock of the Equitable. Untermyer negotiated the sale of this stock to Thomas Fortune Ryan for two and a half million dollars. Later E. H. Harriman coerced Ryan into selling it to him. Still later J. P. Morgan, Sr., coerced Harriman into selling it to him. "I thought it would be safer with me," Morgan testified later.

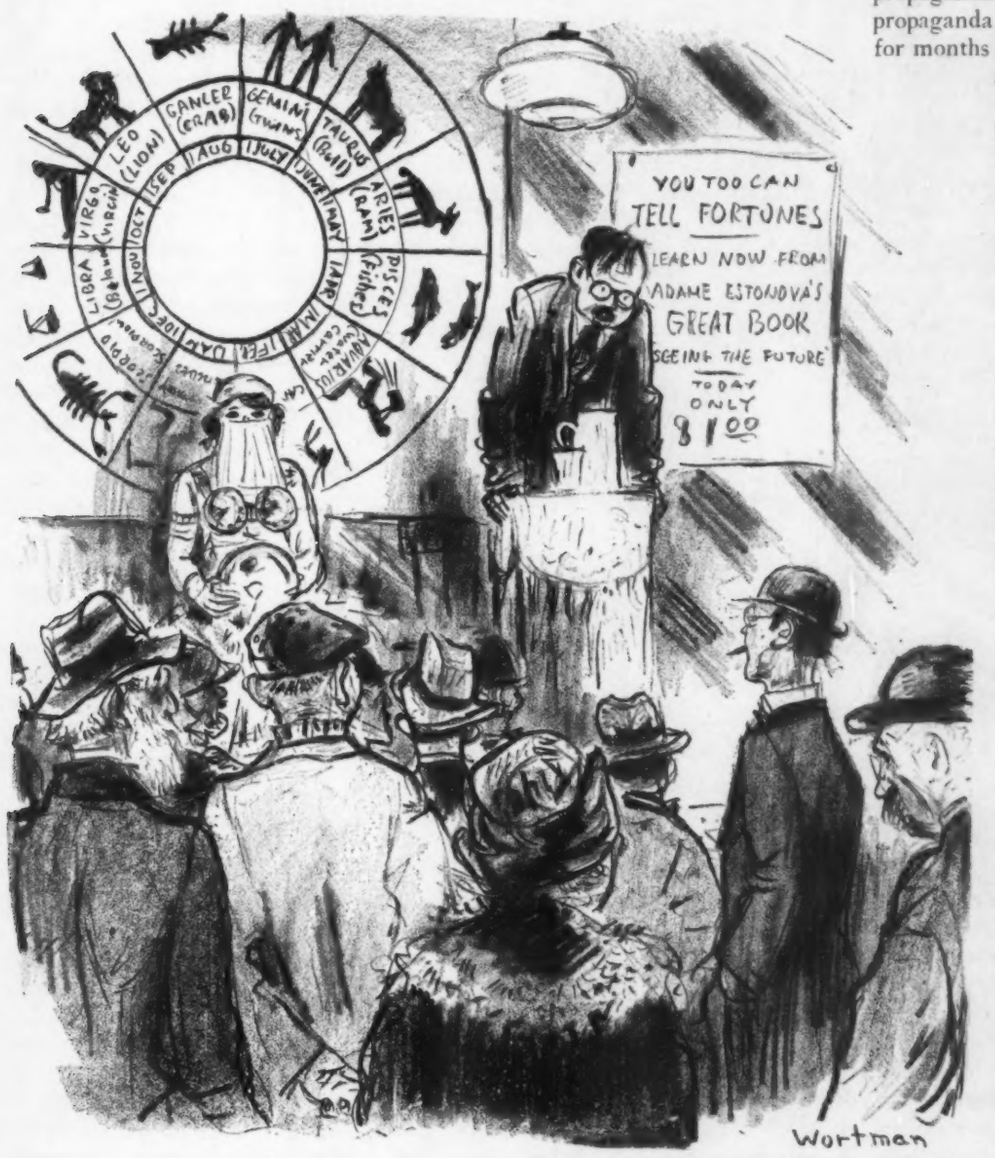
The Progressive upheaval tossed Untermyer to the top of the mad political world of twenty years ago. Both at Washington and Albany he led campaigns against Wall Street. When he was made counsel to the Pujo Money Committee of the House of Representatives in 1912, his enemies decided that things had gone too far. It was time to unmask Cagliostro, Jesse James, and the last of the Borgias. A suite of offices was taken and a large staff organized to gather data on the life of Untermyer. Some of the greatest biographical artists of the time were borrowed from Burns and the Pinkertons. Fishy-eyed contemporary historians were sent out to interview every client that "U," as he was known to the operatives, ever had; specialists in trouble and bad news examined every lawsuit and business venture he had ever been engaged in. The result of this great historical enterprise was some forty volumes, entitled "Re Untermyer," which are extant in a safety-deposit vault. This

labor, however, was ineffective for its immediate purpose. Only two chapters of the work were made public. It was charged that a tin property in which the lawyer was interested did not turn out as well as might have been expected and that a New Jersey judge in the Columbia Strawboard case had criticized certain financial operations and added that "Samuel Untermyer was the managing genius of the whole transaction." Mr. Untermyer replied that the jurist had not understood the transaction; he explained the case to the Pujo Money Committee, which gave him a vote of confidence. He emerged practically unhurt from under the enemy's ultra-microscope. It seems doubtful that a man with weak spots in his past would show Untermyer's lifelong recklessness in making enemies. It makes rather a good impression when a member of the bar wantonly slaps the face of the grievance committee of the Bar Association; Untermyer accused it of lacking the nerve to proceed against any lawyer who stole more than fifty dollars. The one reflection that he has taken seriously came from the Supreme Court of the United States a year ago; that court held that he had violated a rule by representing both trustees and creditors in a bankruptcy matter. Contending that the reflection was unjust, the lawyer has placed his case before the American Bar Association and is fighting to have the criticism removed from the Supreme Court record.

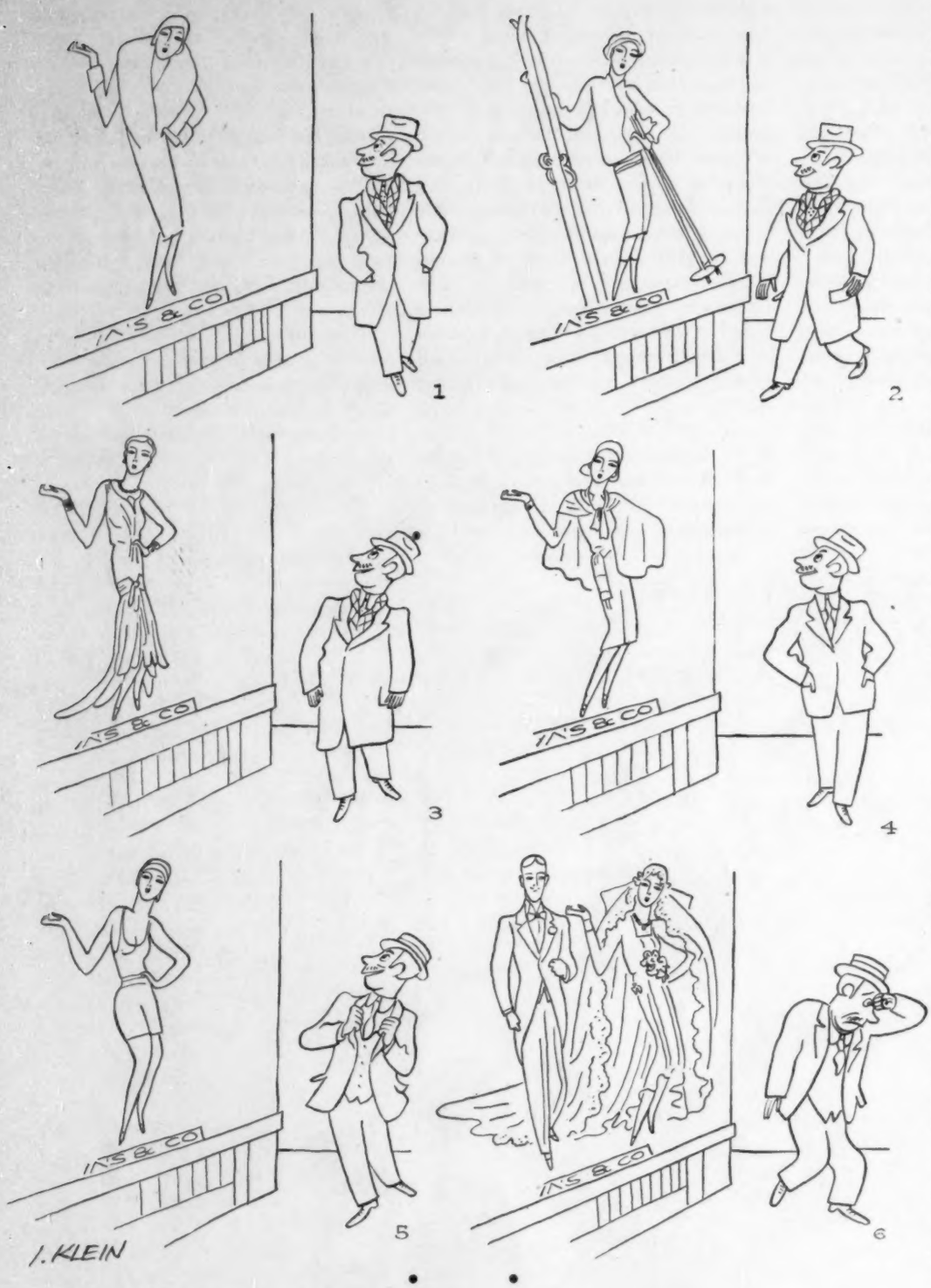
HE became a big national figure by his catechisms of famous bankers before the 1912 Pujo Committee in Washington. His pet witness was George F. Baker, who agreed that too much money and power were concentrated in a few hands. The lawyer spent part of two days interrogating the elder Morgan. Three months later the financier died in Egypt and word was cabled over that Untermyer's cross-examination had killed him. This was unjust, as the *Congressional Record* and the reports at the time show that the lawyer handled his celebrated witness with consideration.

Untermyer has contended, and has offered evidence, that he played an important part in shaping the Federal Reserve Act. But what of it? There are enough self-confessed authors of the Federal Reserve Act to populate all our unoccupied Western lands.

Francis P. Garvan recently called Untermyer the ablest pro-German propagandist in America during the propaganda days. War was postponed for months by Bernstorff's semi-official and half-repudiated interview to the effect that a break in diplomatic relations would mean war; this was an Untermyer-inspired idea which had a profound effect in Washington; the interview was so well arranged that Bernstorff could not be accused of going over the head of Washington and addressing the American people directly. The lawyer did his utmost to persuade the New York *World* not to publish its exposure of the far-reaching plots of the German financial agent, Heinrich Albert, who went to sleep on a train and allowed his papers to be stolen by a British agent. Untermyer was of German ancestry; his object was to keep us out of war; that was then the object of the American government and most of the American people. However, Mr. Untermyer did go rather far when he wrote to Heinrich Albert suggesting that the dear old morning *Sun* could be bought for use as one of the Kaiser's American house organs. His war account is pretty well balanced, however. He was the second biggest stockholder



"Now folks, we're not scientists here. We talk facts."



in the Bethlehem Steel Company, which sold more than a billion dollars' worth of munitions to the Allies; his pro-German propaganda was clever, but it is hard to outsmart fifty million shells. It does not seem possible that his pro-German right hand got an even break with his pro-Bethlehem left hand. After April 6, 1917, Mr. Untermyer was an indefatigable patriot, a member of half the government war committees, one of the biggest Liberty Loan buyers. He helped draft the proclamation taking over the railroads.

IN 1919 he started on his unprecedented career of service to the city and the state. As unpaid counsel for the Lockwood Commission, he broke up the building trades' and material contractors' rings. Starting with a few clues, when he had finished, the leaders of both groups were behind the bars. Untermyer's victories are Sedans; nobody excels him in the pursuit and round-up of a beaten foe.

He has lavished quantities of money on his one-hundred-and-seventy-one-acre Greystone estate, where he employs sixty gardeners on his sixty thousand plants. He built a large Greek theatre there for Mrs. Untermyer, the former Minnie Carl, whom he married in 1880. Many of the great operatic stars of the time appeared there at her concerts. The Greystone hothouses supply out-of-season crops of figs, grapes, nectarines, and peaches. For the last quarter of a century Greystone has given a brave account of itself in the great annual orchid-chrysanthemum Armageddons.

Mr. Untermyer seldom appears in court or elsewhere without his orchid. In his great civic pageants like the nickel-fare and housing inquiries, his chauffeur shuttles between Greystone and the inquiry room, bringing fresh orchids. When the orchid begins to droop, it affects Mr. Untermyer's temperament; he must have a fresh orchid, or the city's interest suffers. During the Lockwood hearing the chauffeur would arrive at noon with a damp box containing Mr. Untermyer's fresh figs and orchids done up in paraffin paper. The buttonholes of the whole Untermyer faction would sprout orchids.

Greystone was formerly the estate of Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Untermyer bought it thirty years ago. In his first year there he received police attention. He was accused by a neighbor of violating the speed limit in a yellow wagon with pneumatic tires, and a bicycle patrolman was assigned to observe him. The *Tribune* of

October 21, 1900, said that his horses ate up Warburton Avenue at a speed of fifteen miles an hour and that at eight-thirty o'clock every morning the children lined the curb "to see him go."

Twenty-five years ago he challenged the collie-breeding sovereignty of the late J. P. Morgan by importing Squire of Tytton and Sophie of Tytton, the champions of their respective sexes in England. The Morgan dogs were outclassed. Beating J.P. at anything was a source of prestige and satisfaction, and everybody began to import dogs. Collie-rearing became a major industry. After several bad years, Morgan sent agents abroad and cornered the wonder dogs of the world, but they fell ill and the judges rated his entries near the bottom of the list. "Sell 'em all; close my kennels," called the financier from his box at the Dog Show, and he flounced off to the Mediterranean in the Corsair. The greatest crash in kennel history followed; the whole collie family lost its standing for years in dog aristocracy.

MR. UNTERMYER's health was broken in 1924, following his wife's death. He started on a trip around the world, planning to give up active work. He travelled by way of the Pacific, but by the time he reached the Near East, law cases of all kinds began to besiege him. Twenty-two Turkish princes signed him up to fight for their Mosul oil wells against the Standard Oil and other companies. The retired lawyer arrived in New York burdened with Levantine, Viennese, and other Old World briefs. At one time he was retained by three hundred members of royal and noble houses who were fighting to recover estates in Central Europe after the peace. He also represented Frank Munsey, Charles H. Sabin, and others, who financed a syndicate to recover nineteen palaces, twelve castles, and other properties belonging to the Hapsburg Archduke Frederick. Later, the five-cent-fare fight gripped him; the Westchester land frauds were next. Still struggling to retire, he is still working fourteen and sixteen hours a day. They come to the tired veteran sobbing that all is lost unless he will take the case. The William Fox and the United Cigar Store imbroglios were recently added to his problems. He will probably never retire or semi-retire. He experiences spots before the eyes and shooting pains now, whenever his day's work drops below fourteen hours.

He lives today in a quadruple home consisting of Greystone, a suite at the Hotel Ambassador in this city, a bungalow on the Hotel President at Atlantic City, and a houseboat in Florida, but he carries his work with him wherever he goes. Asthma still bothers him, though he smokes only non-nicotine cigars.

Mr. Untermyer is in fair health now. The best proof is that he is picking on the New York Stock Exchange again. He recently induced the Exchange to make certain reforms that would prevent the concealment of the real ownership of the Interborough. He is advocating a further reform, the compulsory publication of all pool agreements, which would compel market-riggers to work in the open. The New York Stock Exchange has, in his opinion, straightened up noticeably. He regards it today with an almost paternal pride and is pleased to recall that he never spared the rod.

He has never run for office. Boss Croker once sounded him on the subject; "I think I might like to be Park Commissioner," said the lawyer, but nothing came of it. Untermyer was twice offered the Tammany nomination for United States Senator, but declined. Last year his son Irwin, who has won considerable prestige by his own contribution to the fight for the five-cent fare, was elected to the State Supreme Court, leading the Democratic ticket. He has two other children, Alvin Untermyer, a lawyer, and Mrs. Stanley Richter.

The city has not officially acknowledged its debt to its great patron even to the extent of naming a fireboat or a park after him. Municipalities are ungrateful. —ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the last of two articles on Mr. Untermyer.)

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POEM FOR YOUTH

The mind is vulnerable
To the slight death of a leaf.
By swift things, by hawk-shadows
Is the heart quickened to grief.

Whatever wind blows by,
An instant of tears blows after,
But years and sterner grieving
It takes to fashion laughter.

—FRANCES M. FROST

"Peter darling, you can come back just as soon as I finish dressing."

THE THEATRE

IBSEN NODS

IF a play by Ibsen or Shaw or Shakespeare has been lying around for a couple of decades without having been produced, you may be pretty sure that there is some good reason. When it was last produced it may have been found out that it called for too many camels to crowd into one theatre, or it may have run from Monday night until early Wednesday morning, or it may have been discovered simply that it was a punk play. Almost any one of these reasons might well have been keeping Ibsen's "The Vikings" off the boards until now.

"The Vikings" doesn't call for any camels, but it makes a terrific demand on the wig-and-beard supply houses. Not since the House of David Band played at the Palace have there been so many beards on one stage at the same time. And, although the play does not run from Monday night until early Wednesday, it seems that long. In fact, I would have guessed Thursday. As for its being a punk play, there can hardly be any argument. I am one of the best friends that Ibsen ever had, and the Ibsen estate recognizes this and sends me a hundred cigarettes each year on my birthday, but I would have been the first to tell him that he ought not to have "The Vikings" typed out, much less produced in a real theatre.

Some idea of how long it seems from the rise of the curtain to its final descent may be had by imagining a Wagnerian opera without the music. Of course, Richard Hale does sing along toward the end, but rich as that is in vitamins, it comes too late. The rest is just a series of recitations by a lot of old Icelanders with rams' horns on their hats who run up and down one of those little side-hills which tenors love to lie on in the opera. There is a great deal of spear-shaking, too. It turns out that Hjordis is married to Gunnar (a lady behind me had some idea that Gunnar wrote the music to "Faust," but I guess that she hadn't looked at her program very carefully). Well, anyway, there they are, Hjordis and Gunnar, and Warren William. Warren William plays a man by the name of Sigurd but you can tell by his voice that he is the same one who was recently in "Out of a Blue Sky." You can also tell Blanche Yurka by her voice (and a very good one it is, too) and Charles Waldron by his. I don't suppose that you would find three such distinctive and easily recognizable voices together in one play again for ten or fifteen years. Maybe twenty.

So on they go, up and down hill and around the Vikings' Hall (incidentally, in case you meet any of the Vikings during the run of the play you must call them "Veekings"—they are very touchy about that), and before long you yourself are sailing away on a great big Viking dream-ship into Blanket Bay, with your head resting on the back of the seat in front of you.

ONE feature of "The Vikings" which may serve to excite you into wakefulness is the new and beautiful lighting, devised by Mr. Thomas Wilfred while seated at his color-organ or Clavilux. I remember having been thrown into an aesthetic *crise*, a long time ago, by Mr. Wilfred's Clavilux down at the old Neighborhood Playhouse, and I have been in a constant state of surprise and disappointment ever since that more use has not been made of it. Mr. Richard Herndon, who has given "The Vikings" a much better production than it deserves, has at last made possible its trial in legitimate drama, and the results are startling. For wave and firelight effects, to say nothing of sunset in a changing sky, Mr. Wilfred's device makes a new medium out of an old-fashioned backdrop. There ought to be something in this for Mr. Ziegfeld to freshen up his forthcoming pageant. The old parade of Famous Courtesans of History would be enhanced a hundredfold by a melting change of lights representative of the personal characteristics of each young lady as she swept across the scene. Even some of the old gags, if properly lighted, might be made to serve again. I look for great things from the Clavilux.

THE other big event of the week, aside from the long plays occupying the Little Theatre groups (to the excitement of practically nobody but the Little Theatre groups) was a honey entitled "Gold Braid." I could sit here all night telling you what "Gold Braid" was about, but something tells me that I am not going to do it. I *will* say this: the scene was laid in Major Rodney's quarters in Camp Malabang on one of the Philippine Islands, and the characters all seemed to be army folk and whatever natives they could scrape up an acquaintance with. Life on an army post is notoriously dull, but it can't really be as dull as all this. Ex-Cadet Cagle was no fool. Coaching football, even in Mississippi, will be better than being sent to the Philippines with the possibility of getting mixed up in something like "Gold Braid."

This, then, concludes our analysis of the middle week of May, 1930. You may destroy your notes, as you will have no need for them again.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

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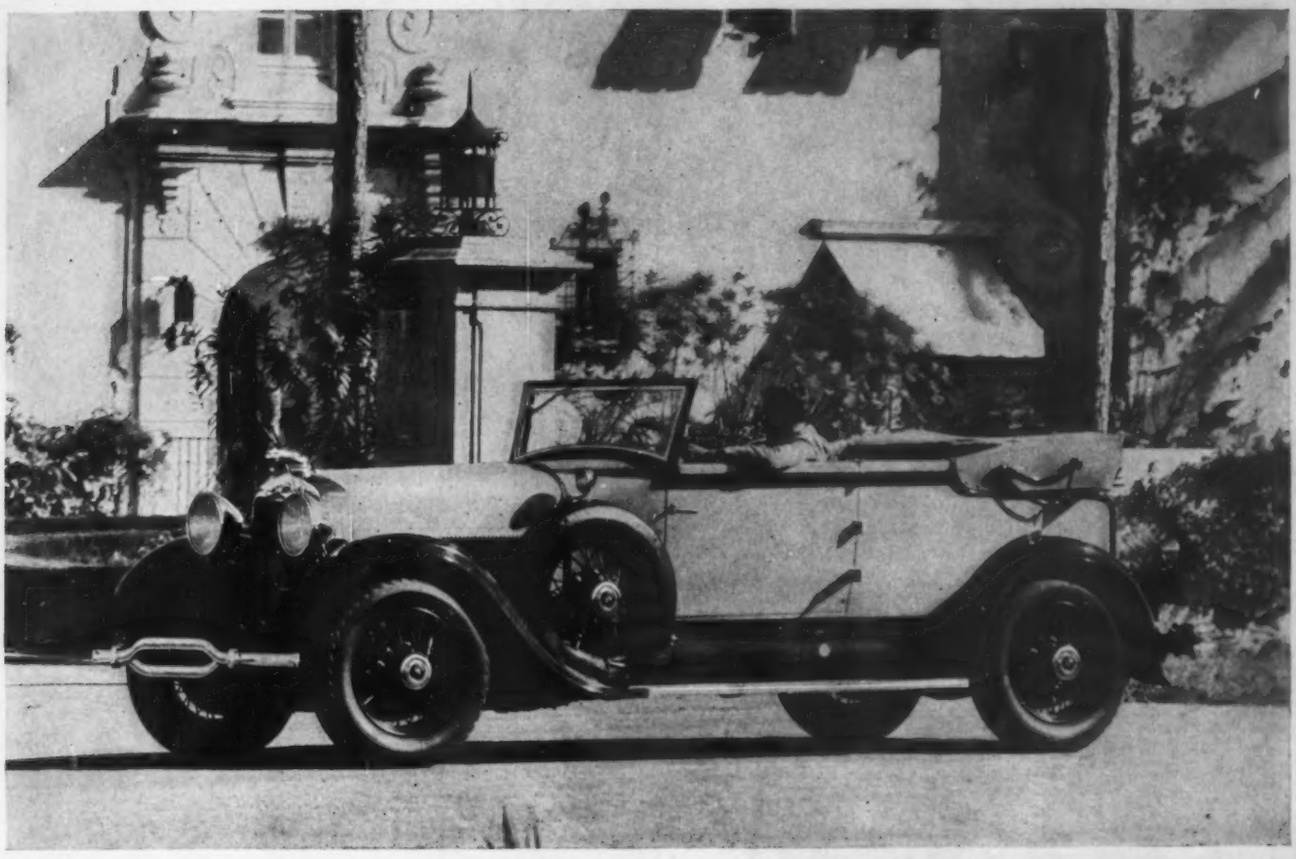
JUAN'S SONG

When beauty breaks and falls asunder
I feel no grief for it, but wonder.
When love, like a frail shell, lies broken,
I keep no chip of it for token.
I never had a man for friend
Who did not know that love must end.
I never had a girl for lover
Who could discern when love was over.
What the wise doubts, the fool believes—
Who is it, then, that love deceives?

—LOUISE BOGAN

THE LINCOLN



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RATES: $16 to $22 weekly

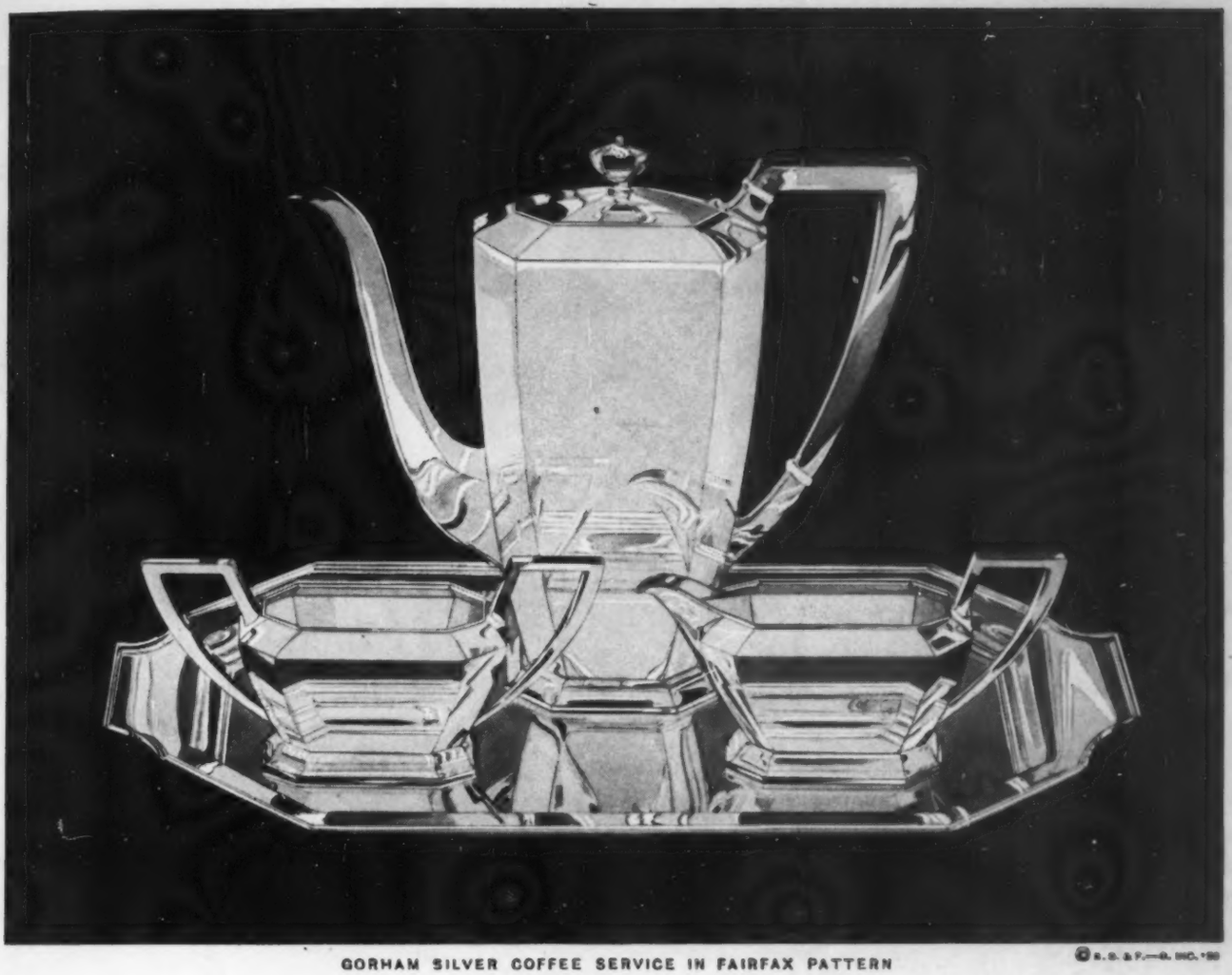
TO THE PURE~

YES, Mrs. Skolsky, Netta's going to be an artist. Such a pretty little thing; it makes me feel terrible. Before her husband died she never saw a paintbrush even, but now you can't do nothing with her—she's got to paint. Just like that she says it: "I *got* to paint." Two children ain't enough; she's got to paint too. It makes me feel terrible. Not that I mind Art, Mrs. Skolsky, I think it's very pretty; but what would you want to do it yourself for, especially when you got two children? And it ain't only Art—*classes* she has to go to! It ain't good enough she should study at home. Life classes she has to have. It's terrible, if you'll believe me. Flowers I wouldn't mind, but she has to have nudes. And she's such a pretty little thing and very religious. "How do you feel," I says, "sitting there with a man standing up in front of you like that?" "Why," she says, "it's all part of the day's work; I don't feel nothing." "Then why don't you paint flowers?" I says. "Maybe I will," she says, "but I got to paint nudes first." Of course she's a married woman, and got two children and all, but it don't sound right, Mrs. Skolsky, not to me it don't. What have nudes got to do with flowers? If it was a woman even, but a man! "Why Momma," she says, "I don't think of the model as a *man*, it's just Art." "Art," she calls it. Well, maybe it is, but if you ask me, it ain't *all* Art. Of course I ain't *saying* anything, Mrs. Skolsky, and maybe she don't realize, but you got to remember—her father was a little bit like that. —PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

SIRS: Noted that you referred to Stanford University as the "Cornell of the West" in your recent article about David Starr Jordan (Time, March 17). I wish to take exception to that title. . . . Stanford resembles no institutions in this country or any other. It is far more advanced than many and so hopelessly outclasses Cornell that it is unfair to Stanford to be called a counterpart of that school. With due respect to Cornell graduates, there are few who can go to the far corners of the earth and be considered outstanding because of their college, and that is the case of Stanford men. It is sufficient recommendation to say you are a "Son of the Stanford Red" to have yourself respected anywhere as a person who amounts to something. Outside of this country, few people have heard of Cornell or care much about it.—*From a letter to Time.*

Take that back, you son of a Stanford Red!



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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ON THE SANDS OF TIME

A NEW strain in the London symphony, a new thread of sound in the hum of its multitudinous life, puzzles the wayfarer for a little time until he identifies it. It issues from a thousand and one dens, diggings, and snuggeries in Bloomsbury. It agitates the blue pall of smoke in the hushed library of the Reform Club. It is audible above the lisp of footfalls and the flutter of pages in the British Museum. It is, if you must know, the sound of innumerable Englishmen all busy writing biographies.

If, without disturbing them at their work, you tiptoe near enough to see their kindly faces all knotted in research, you will note on every brow an extra pucker of anxiety. For the shadow of a new German menace falls across their notebooks as they write. Consider, for instance, the case of Philip Guedalla, immersed now, as for some years past, in his study of Wellington. As he plods his painstaking way through the old files of the Peninsular campaign or stirs the dust on the sacred papers at Apsley House, documenting himself as he goes along and, with every step, leaving a footnote behind him, one fear must, I think, beset him hourly. It is the fear that some fine day—a Friday, let us say—Emil Ludwig, the Edgar Wallace of biographers, will hear tell of this fellow Wellington and, on the following Monday, publish a life of him.

I hear from Mr. Guedalla's ravenous publishers that they scarcely expect to receive his manuscript before another twelvemonth has passed, so that we shall not be reading "Wellington" before the autumn of 1931. They say his steadily traveling pen has not yet reached Waterloo and there are all the long afteryears of British politics down which he must coast. If he already feels a trifle winded, if he is now filled with those misgivings which must beset a Channel-swimmer when halfway across, he can blame only his own perverse addiction to such singularly active octogenarians as Palmerston and Wellington. After this, I think it might rest him to do a biography of Chatterton. Or if even the bard of Mary Redcliffe led a life too crowded with incident, what about those princely tots who were done in, by avuncular attention, in the Tower?

I AM also awaiting with eagerness a biography of Wilkie Collins which has been announced as impending from the pen of the same Dorothy Sayers who wrote the delightful Lord Peter Wimsey yarns and who edited that excellent anthology of detective stories, ghost stories, and horror stories which her American publishers elected to issue under the absurd title of "The Omnibus of Crime." In her new project I am so interested that I hailed a cab and betook me on a recent April afternoon to her house in Great James Street, Bloomsbury, to find out how she was getting along. I found Miss Sayers doing as well as could be expected. Her man was no Wellington and her difficulty is not the stupefying abundance of material but an equally dismaying lack of it.

Certainly data about Wilkie Collins are hard to find. In the very book where you might ingenuously expect to find a good deal about him, the silence fairly rings in your ears. Collins, whose brother married Kate Dickens, was, after all, the closest companion, the strongest influence, and the warmest enthusiasm of her father's declining years. They wrote plays and stories together and the unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood" was undoubtedly a belated and fatal effort on Dickens's part to show his younger colleague that he could do that sort of thing, too, if he was so minded. Yet in all the thousand pages of Forster's "Life of Dickens" you will find only one allusion to Wilkie Collins and that a passing one. This valley of silence —one of many in the rolling landscape of that biography which make a latter-day successor to Forster imperative —can be reasonably traced to the consuming jealousy with which Dickens's affection for his young friend inflamed his fond but rancorous old Boswell. Now, after sixty years, Miss Sayers is trying to repair the damage and if any letters from Collins are still treasured behind the surviving brownstone fronts in this country, news of them would be welcomed by the undersigned and by him, without charge or delay, would be duly forwarded to Bloomsbury.

THEN Harold Nicolson, author of an excellent Byron book and an incomparable monograph on Verlaine, has just put forth a graceful biography of his father, the late Lord Carnock. It is a British war book, written with such exquisite consideration of German sensibilities that his back must have ached when he was finished.

As for Lytton Strachey, I have not been able to find out what, if anything, is on the mind of that master of them all. But faint sounds of research do issue from one Edward Marjoribanks (pronounced Chumley). He is the young and singularly vocal M. P. who recently published a readable life of Marshall Hall called "For the Defence" and, made giddy by its unexpected and unprecedented success in the States, is now embarked on a biography of the late Sir Edward Carson. I have been unable to learn from his book, from him, or from anyone else just why Marshall Hall was in such demand among the better British murderers or why he loomed so large in the eye of his time. To judge even from the portrait of him in the fond pages of "For the Defence," he appears to have been a handsome blunderbuss of a barrister whom any one of a hundred nimble-witted American shysters could have tied in knots. His triumphs are as difficult to recapture from the printed page as those of actors dead and gone. Doubtless they were largely triumphs of manner, of which he had a good deal. Indeed, I am inclined to attribute much of his success to the fact that his every entrance into court was arresting. This was due to a device which I regret never having thought of for use in the years when my trade took me regularly to first-nights. It seems that Hall suffered from a malady which made sitting down painful and, rather in the manner of the Lord Chancellor in Mr. Ames's "Iolanthe," he was always preceded into court by a flunkey bearing a cushion.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

A distinguished way to *beauty* presented in an invitingly simple *New Treatment Set*

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MARIE EARLE now introduces this wonderfully helpful new beauty idea. A Basic Beauty Treatment Set of the three matchless Marie Earle preparations for the exquisite daily care of the skin.

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Marie Earle's Essential Cream is a perfect cleanser. Instantly liquefying as it touches the skin it penetrates deeper into the pores to free dust, grime or make-up. It is not like the "cleansing" or hydro-carbon creams which slip over the skin washing away surface dirt. Made from costly ingredients with a natural affinity for the skin, it restores the action of the beautifying oils lost through the years, weather, hurry and worry. So one cleanses to sweet immaculateness with Essential Cream and then spreads it on again to replenish the oils that prevent wrinkles, coarsening and roughness. Marie Earle's Cucumber Emulsion is smoothed *over* the Cream to reawaken the youthful vigor of the skin, its clear translucence and childlike coloring. Cream and Emulsion act together, obliterating signs of age and neglect.

And for your individual type of skin there is a Marie Earle Lotion to close the pores and tone. In each Treatment Set there are complete directions for day and night time care.

Marie Earle's new Treatment Sets at the better shops. If you cannot obtain them in your city send check to Marie Earle, 660 Fifth Ave., New York. For average or dry skins $6.00, for oily or very oily skins $7.25.

Marie Earle

THEY SEE SO MUCH IN SUCH A CASUAL MANNER

It is rather pleasing to one's vanity . . . but what person of young ideas takes no interest in a smart young woman's approving glance? They make you feel as though they knew you . . . and the name of your tailor . . . and that you are wearing a new Stetson straw. • To be truly well groomed is especially gratifying in the springtime . . . correct from hat to shoes. A Stetson finishes off a turnout so completely. Stetson straws are richer looking. The braids are finer . . . with a natural, lustrous sheen. A Stetson is the one right way to start the straw hat season. It is satisfying to know you are wearing the best straw made.

• • •

STETSON STRAWS

John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Makers of finest quality fur felt hats straws, leghorns, panamas, silk top hats, opera hats and caps.

OUT OF TOWN

London and the Lakes — Crosscountry by Air

I LIKE to visit England in early June more than at any other time. It is the best month of all to travel leisurely through the English countryside, the England of Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Salisbury, Exeter, and Lichfield, where magnificent cathedrals and Elizabethan manor houses, smooth-swarded farms, and slow-flowing rivers are still mantled with their air of ancient peace. The London season (if you're socially inclined) is on now until the grouse shooting begins in August. By all means, enjoy it; but why bother with bad Gothic buildings and the usual tourist sights? If you walk through three parks—St. James' Park, Green Park, and Hyde Park—and visit Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the royal palaces, you will have done enough sightseeing for one trip. Remember that Parliament is open and polo and cricket are played in London all summer, and that this is where you buy boots, leather, and men's clothes. The theatres are active in the summer and you will find military pageants, concerts, horse races, art exhibitions, and tennis tournaments to keep you from moving on. However, I urge you not to remain shut up in London, but to visit the countryside.

ENGLAND's lake district is at its prime just now—sixteen small lakes in Cumberland, set in the most exquisite scenery. You will probably make Windermere your headquarters, starting from there on boating trips to Coniston, Ullswater, and Derwentwater, or on coaching excursions to Thirlmere, Grasmere, Ambleside, and Keswick.

Several travel agencies arrange convenient tours through this section. The Amerop Travel Service, at 400 Madison Avenue, has independent trips which are planned by a qualified staff, at varying prices. Raymond-Whitcomb, 225 and 670 Fifth Avenue, also organize comprehensive circuits of the lake district; sometimes these trips are included in one of the larger European tours. One, from June 28 to

SUN . . . . . SEA SUMMER . . . . and a MOTH

ARCHIE BROWN, JR.—then of Groton, soon of Harvard, was pilot. Archie Brown, Sr., was ballast and logger—not too heavy a father, and a renowned architect. The good ship "Banana Oil" was a Moth seaplane—equipped with Edo floats. And what they did in nine little days last summer is told as a hint to you.

Climbing from Southampton in a light southwest breeze, headed for the tip of Cape Cod... Shelter Island and a flock of sailboats against the wrinkled sea—Fisher's—Newport, and Bailey's Beach panting in bathing suits—Cape Cod Canal like a sliver of glass—Cape Cod Bay and across in 20 minutes... Truro, an hour and three-quarters after take-off... As Archie, Sr., wrote in the log, "I ask you!"

Up along the coast—no worry about landing fields . . . Portsmouth—Ogunquit—Wells Beach River at noon for a swell steak—Isle-a-Haut—Dark Harbor—Mt. Desert—Asheville, Maine... for a day and a half. St. Andrews, N. B.—an hour later St. John—with a smart sea breeze . . . four flying hours from Southampton!

Inland up the St. John River to Fredericton for lunch—"nice plane, old top," says the logger—

follow the stream for a casual 150 miles, explore Grand Lake, get supper of pork and beans at a farmhouse—full moon," what a marvelous joint!"—St. John again next day and down to Bar Harbor in 1¾ hours—Asheville to Southampton in 5 more, stopping at Portland and Block Island for gas..."Easy as pie to fly it—Saving hours on a stuffy train!" Small wonder Archie Sr., said, "This trip is more fun than anything I ever did."

Tomorrow—such trips will be commonplace. Today—they're still adventure... How long will you wait for yours? A Moth can now be yours for $3960—for booklet, write Dept. M-12.

MOTH AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT
27 West 57th Street · New York

D.H. Gipsy MOTH

a chorus of

THE stars of the Broadway successes—a glamorous group they are! Talented—charming—wise, you may be sure, in the elusive ways of loveliness . . .

"Soft, smooth skin," they will tell you, "is really *essential* to feminine charm. And of all the ways we ever tried to keep skin flawless, Lux Toilet Soap is certainly the best!"

Like 9 out of 10 of the Hollywood screen stars, they find that this fragrant white soap gives just the gentle care that is necessary. Flocking to Hollywood to do talkies, they find that complexions kept lovely this gentle way pass even the pitiless close-up test with ease.

You will want to see what Lux Toilet Soap can do for *your* skin. You are sure to be delighted with its luxurious, generous lather, with the fresh smoothness it gives your skin. Order several cakes—at just 10¢!—and begin to enjoy it today.

HARRIET HOCTOR was first discovered to be importantly in our midst in *Revue à La Carte*, then in *The Three Musketeers*. Next, the tremendous ballet of *Show Girl* was built especially for this gifted danseuse. This season the unbelievable grace and delicacy of her artistry have been stirring to delighted enthusiasm the large audiences of *Simple Simon*. A petite blonde beauty she has, that is completely alluring—a skin indescribably soft and white. "Nice skin is important to any girl's charm," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin as smooth and clear as I could wish. I am certainly delighted with it."

Hope Williams
Rebound

Minna Gombell
Nancy's Private Affair

Evelyn Laye
Bitter Sweet

Genevieve Tobin
Fifty Million Frenchmen

The stars of all these Broadway successes

scintillating stars!

"There's one *sure* way to complexion beauty," they declare

Gertrude Lawrence
International Revue

Alice Brady
Love, Honor and Betray

Alla Nazimova
A Month in the Country

Helen Menken
The Infinite Shoeblack

Constance Collier
The Matriarch

Helen Gilligan
Strike Up the Band

Erin O'Brien Moore
Street Scene

Helen Flint
Those We Love

Muriel Kirkland
Strictly Dishonorable

Linda Watkins
June Moon

Mildred McCoy
It's a Wise Child

Dorothy Peterson
Subway Express

Dorothy Stone
Ripples

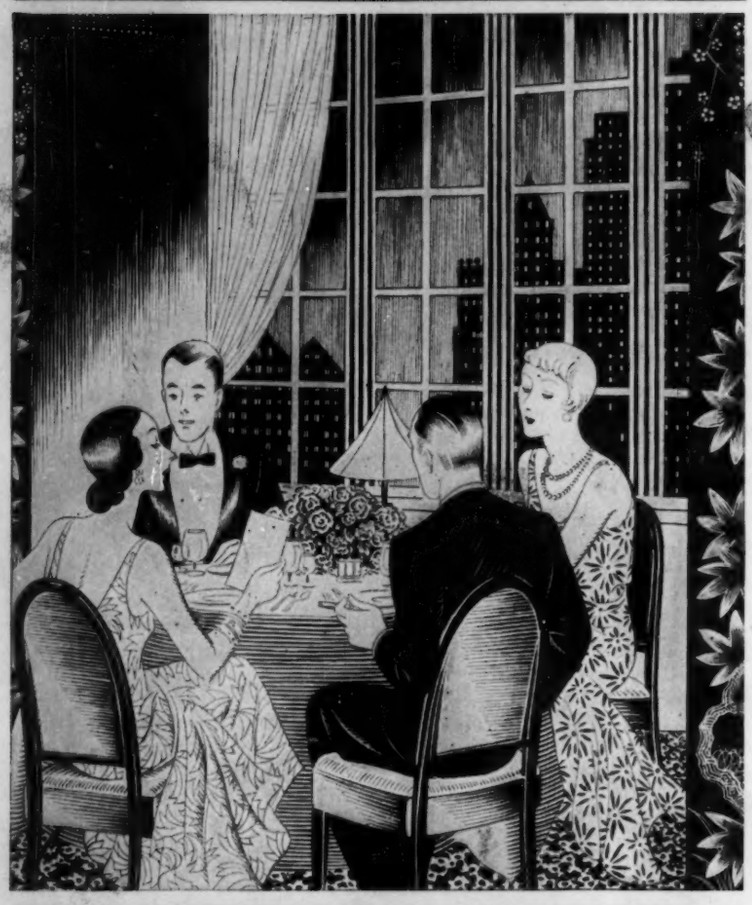
Tilly Losch
Wake Up and Dream

Lily Damita
Sons o' Guns

Irene Franklin
Sweet Adeline

use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin . . . 10¢

GAIETY
HIGH ABOVE THE AVENUE



Gaiety again resounds on the St. Regis Roof. For another summer, smart New York throngs Urban's exotic fantasy... moves over the dance oval to Lopez rhythms. Present, too, are those out-of-towners who make the lovely St. Regis suites and rooms their secluded residences while in New York ... people who delight in the Roof's carnival as only one of countless understanding gestures in the established St. Regis graciousness. Transient rooms... suites on St. Regis summer lease.

HOTEL
ST. REGIS
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

August 29, consists of a motoring trip through Great Britain—London, Wales, the Wye Valley, the English lakes, Scotland, the Trossachs, the cathedral and university towns—as well as Paris and the French château country. The cost is $2,175. Or you can make what is known as a British Isles extension tour by joining one of the larger Raymond-Whitcomb tours in London, and visiting Scotland, the Trossachs, the English lakes, and the Shakespeare country, all for $145. It's best to book a reservation as far in advance as possible.

As to English watering places: Brighton, in appearance and character, is merely a suburb of London, sort of a London-on-Sea. Hastings has a fine old castle and a quaint fishing quarter, and Battle Abbey is within easy distance. Eastbourne has two interesting castles (if you enjoy them). Cromer is an odd, tumbledown sort of place with an ancient church worth seeing. Scarborough is fashionable and pretty, with the usual ruined castle. Whitby, situated among the dells of the Yorkshire moors, with a moldering abbey, has a funny old fisher town clambering steeply up the cliff toward the church and the monastery. Lyme Regis, in Dorset, is a good specimen of the old-fashioned, sleepy seaside town, almost unaltered since the days of Jane Austen's novels.

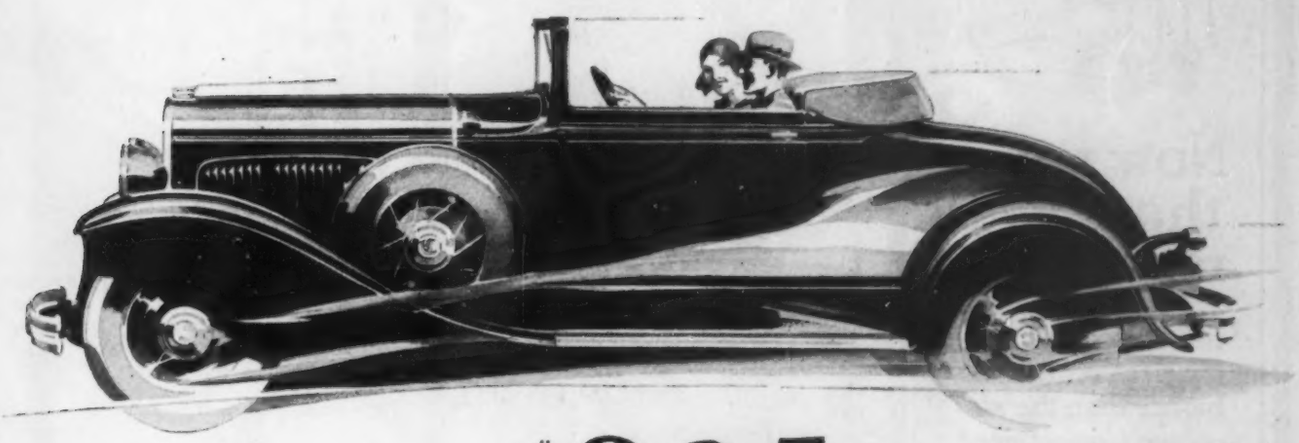
Of the East Coast watering places, avoid Ramsgate, Margate, and Yarmouth; they are the English Coney Islands.

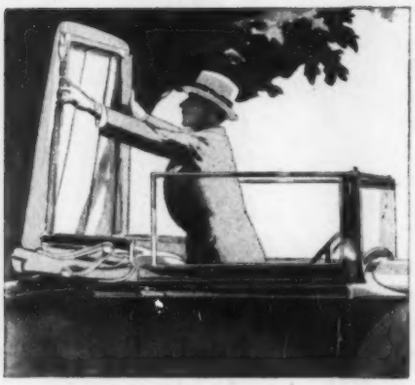
Of inland watering places, Buxton and Matlock, both in Derbyshire, are attractive, and excellent centres for exploring the country about Chatsworth and Haddon Hall. Malvern, Bath, Cheltenham, and Ilkley also have points in their favor.

For a Yorkshire tour, I recommend this route, which so far I have not found in any travel folder: York (two nights) with its minster, town walls, gates, and St. Mary's Abbey; then Bolton Abbey, where there is a nice little inn for a one-night stay; Harrogate, a smart inland watering place; Ripon, for Ripon Minster, Fountains Abbey, and Studley Royal; by rail to Masham and thence toward Richmond, passing on the way Jervaulx Abbey, Middleham Castle, and Leyburn; from there across the wild moors to Richmond itself, with its castle hanging on the brow of the skyline; so on to Whitby; next to Scarborough; and,

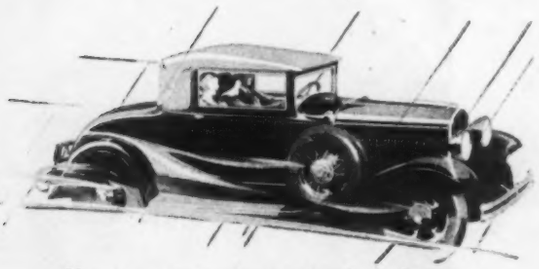
NEW CHRYSLER SIX

CONVERTIBLE COUPE





The sky clouds over. Rain threatens. Just reach back and quickly pull the top into place.



Now it's a Coupe—you can laugh at the rain and go merrily on your way—perfectly dry and comfortable.

$925 CONVERTIBLE COUPE
f. o. b. factory

A CONVERTIBLE COUPE model on the new Chrysler Six. Two cars in one at this amazingly low price. A rich, snug Coupe for days and nights when you want a closed car—or presto!—a smart, dashing open car for joyous driving in the sunshine. One person can make the change quickly anywhere, anytime. The top folds down easily when you want only the sky over you—and just as quickly is drawn back into place again for sudden changes in weather. Open or closed, it's a smart car—just as you'd expect of a Chrysler—and always a joy to drive for the sheer thrill of its typically Chrysler speed and smoothness.

• • •

NEW CHRYSLER SIX PRICES: *Business Coupe, $795; Royal Coupe, $835; Roadster, $835; Touring, $835; 4-Door Royal Sedan, 3-Window, $845; Convertible Coupe, $925. All prices f. o. b. factory (Special Equipment Extra).*

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....because it offers twice as many features, at rentals no higher than the *stereotyped* apartment: Sunken studio living rooms (16'x27') with wrought iron railings and wood-burning fireplaces... dining rooms (15'x22').... chambers (14'6"x22') with high tiled bathrooms...mechanical refrigeration.... all rooms have casement windows and recessed radiators. Several special apartments with terraces

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285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

if you like, you can finish your trip at Beverley.

NEW YORKERS are becoming more accustomed to airplanes every day. A surprising number of people travel across the country by air now and wouldn't dream of going any other way. Moreover, it is quite simple. For instance, if you want to go to Boston in a hurry, all you have to do is phone Ashland 2401 (the Colonial Airways Corporation, at 270 Madison Avenue) and reserve a place. The company's buses take you from the Hotel Pennsylvania directly to the Newark airport, and after that it's only a matter of one hour and three-quarters' flying time before you drop into East Boston. There another bus takes you, bag and baggage, to the Hotel Statler. All this at an inclusive cost of $18.68. A round-trip ticket may be bought for $35.62, and you return when you like.

For a transcontinental trip, you have the Transcontinental Air Transport Company, Inc., which deposits you in Los Angeles in forty-eight hours, at a cost of $159.93, or in San Francisco in forty-nine hours, at a cost of $181.43. This includes your fare on the Pennsylvania Railroad from New York to Columbus, and a second fare on the Santa Fé from Waynoka, Oklahoma, to Clovis, New Mexico. The only extra cost is your meals on the train. Meals on the plane which carries you from Columbus to Waynoka, and again from Clovis to California, are included in the original payment. The route of the plane passes through Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Kingman, Arizona, in addition to the places just mentioned. If your business lies more in the Southwest, the air line runs a connection from St. Louis down through Oklahoma, touching at Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Dallas, and Fort Worth, Texas. It also operates a coastal service in California.

Call Wickersham 2630, or stop at the company's uptown office at 27 West Fifty-seventh Street for any further information. I might add that the Pennsylvania Railroad also sells tickets for these trips. —G. A.

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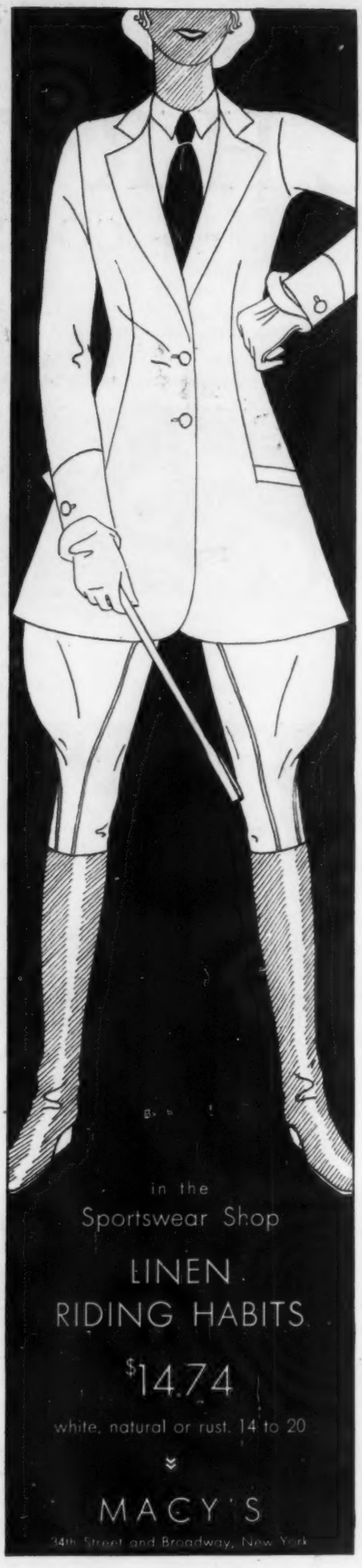
Intelligence is something with which we are born with.—*From a syndicated booklet by William Feather.*

But English we acquire, or have thrust upon us.



One of the very first automobile advertisements ever printed in color is reproduced below, from a magazine page which appeared in 1907. A long line of America's finest motor cars connects The Great Arrow with its latest successor . . . the Pierce-Arrow shown at the left.

PEOPLE of character own Pierce-Arrows just as they choose select neighborhoods in which to live, proper environments for their families, and well-bred associates. In short, these are people who insist upon fineness in whatever closely touches their daily lives.

To such traditions are Pierce-Arrows built, in Buffalo, by the finest hand craftsmen in the world —by men who, in many instances, learned reverence for Pierce-Arrow fineness from their fathers.

Nor is it remarkable, in the circumstances, that America's finest motor car should have borne the Pierce-Arrow nameplate for twenty-nine years — or that the same emblem should today identify the elect among automobiles of quality the world over.

Pride is thus inseparable from Pierce-Arrow ownership—pride in the car's integrity, its patrician loveliness of line, its beauty of coloring, its flawless appointment.

PIERCE-ARROW

THREE NEW GROUPS OF STRAIGHT EIGHTS . . 132 TO 144-INCH WHEELBASES . . $2695 TO $6250 AT BUFFALO

(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

La jeune fille et les fleurs — mais la femme la plus charmante sait que les fleurs périront et que le bouquet le plus éternel sera toujours un parfum de Lenthéric

Lenthéric PARIS

Ses Parfums

245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE ... LENTHÉRIC SALON AT FIFTH AVENUE & 58th STREET, NEW YORK ... ALSO AT ALL HOUSES OF FASHION

HIPPODROME DAYS—II

CASE NOTES FOR A CORNERSTONE

THE task of assembling the casts that gave the Hippodrome performances was largely in the hands of theatrical agents who specialized in foreign novelties. Of course the ballet and chorus, and the divers, were recruits who knew the Hippodrome and were on hand to apply when the rehearsals started. The acrobats, the jugglers, the animal acts, and the various novelties, on the other hand, were picked up by agents in cities all over the world. Because of early training in mountain-climbing, I suppose, acrobats and jugglers flourished in Austria and Switzerland. Belgium, Spain, Germany, and Italy sent grotesques and animal acts. Japan furnished a high type of juggler and acrobat while the troupes of tumblers and mounters came from Africa, with a sprinkling of Grand Street. Every country in the world contributed something at one time or other, including Greenland, which once sent an Esquimau, who, however, only managed to be annoying by persecuting the chorus girls.

The Hippodrome was the one showhouse that ran its performance on its advertised time. The dress rehearsal might have run an hour or two past midnight, but it was safe to count on the opening-night curtain lowering at 8:15 for the overture and rising again at 11:10 for the end. (The Hip curtain, you will recall, reversed the usual order. It was a circular affair, which rested in a slot along the circular bend of the stage apron and which was hoisted to hide the stage at the end of the spectacle.) If by any chance the show was ten or twelve minutes long the opening night that surplus was cut by the second performance and the stagemanager's chart never varied more than a minute during the rest of the season.

• •

The timing of the various scenes had to be accurate, owing to the mechanical devices employed. Where the huge stage had to be lowered or raised, there could be no guesswork; it was essential that all scenery be cleared and that all actors be out of the path of the mechanics. During the running of a performance, the stagemanager never left his post at the left of the stage. He stood and watched the performance and signalled the various departments by pushbuttons when it came their turn to operate. The rehearsal periods that preceded the great shows were thrilling to me. There was always an air of mystery and magic when the house was dark.

The rehearsals usually began the first week in August. At that time, R. H. Burnside, the general director, would have everything in his mind. Perhaps Mr. Dillingham would also know the makeup of the show, but everyone else around the premises knew only what they could piece together from the va-

COMMODORE NUTT *and* GENERAL *Tom Thumb*, GENTLEMEN *in miniature*, FIGHT IT OUT *for the* FAVOURS *of* LAVINIA WARREN *in the dressing room of* BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

ANTIQUES

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You'll feel infinitely better about things when you go Hartmann-equipped. Trunks are spruce-looking, luggagy affairs. Colors are gay or subdued—as you wish. Construction and materials couldn't be improved upon and the convenience a good-looking Hartmann affords en route is marvelous. At the Better Shops and Department Stores.

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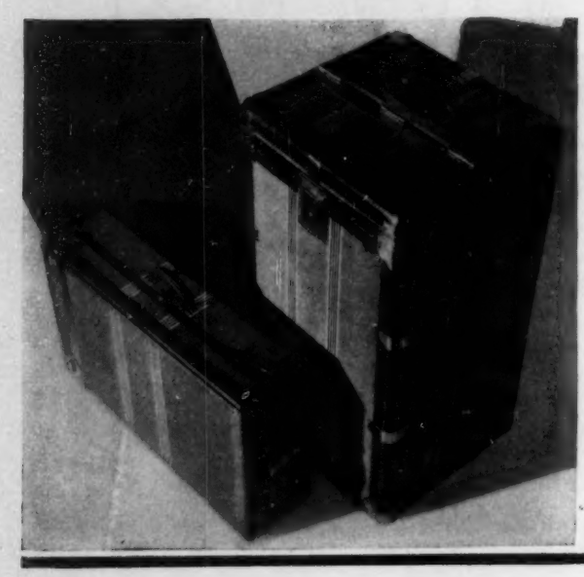

Suggested herewith, the Hartmann standard size wardrobe—ten hangers, five drawers and shoe case, price $150.

Also, the Tourobe for men and women, holding three to five costume changes on hangers—plus all accessories, price $55.

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rious activities. Burnside met the entire company at some armory. Since the principals always appeared in the finales, even they did not escape the early rehearsals. Two or three weeks would then be spent on the various marches and routines, the dimensions of the Hippodrome stage being chalked out on the armory floor. There was always something of mystery and uncertainty about the first rehearsal that disappeared as these movements took on form and pattern. The director, at this stage of the proceedings, was in fine fettle and gently humorous. The two or three hundred girls, young and eager, stood about in their practice clothes. One, I recall, from the Swedish ballet, had her first employment in this country in the Hippodrome. Unused to our brief ways, she appeared for her first rehearsal in the ankle-length tarlatan ballet skirt worn in the classic ballet. She soon became acclimated and donned the accepted abbreviated costume.

MEANWHILE an army of carpenters, property-men, and electricians were busy in the world under the auditorium, bringing the physical show to life. As the time of the première approached there were rumblings about postponement and the utter absurdity of expecting to open even a week later than the advertised date. Many of the properties, required in enormous quantities, were not ready. If disquieting news of this sort reached Mr. Burnside, he grimly replied that the show would have to do without them. Things came by the gross in the Hippodrome. One number called for ninety-six hand-painted silken fans, five feet in length.

Louis Bauer was head of the property department of the Hippodrome for most of its life. I remember him as the most unruffled man I have ever encountered in show business. From the beginning to the end he retained his Sphinx-like calm, never arguing, never protesting. One of his tasks was to build a tree for the Fokine ballet, "The Thunder Bird." In this performance, to the strains of Borodin, an Aztec princess seeks shelter on a little mound, fluttering to escape from a wicked king. About to give up hope, the princess sees a silver tree appear. Rising behind her, it unfolds its branches, gathers her to its heart, folds its branches again, and disappears into the blue. It took some contriving for Mr. Bauer to arrange that.

Another trick, a bit more mundane,

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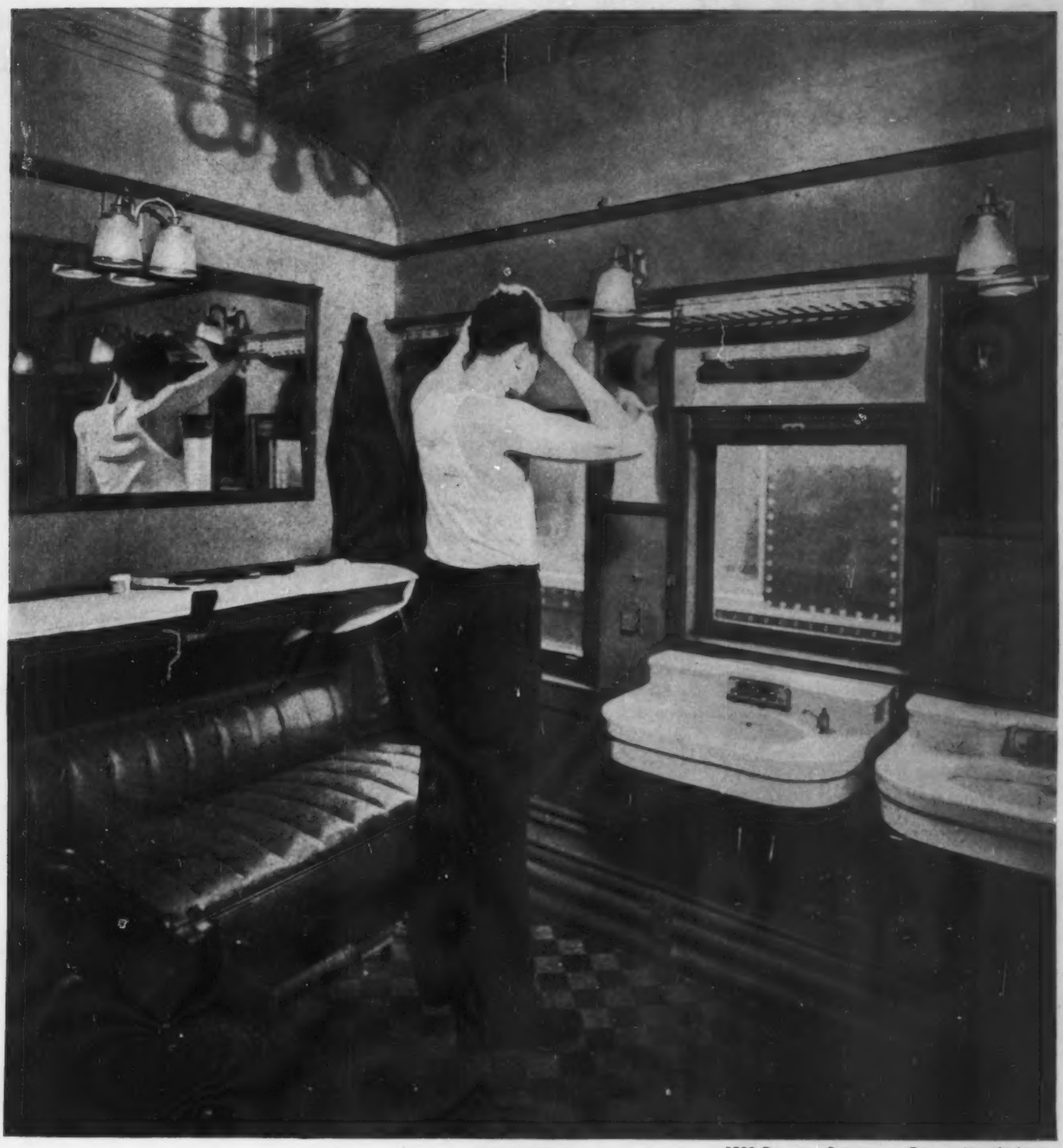

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Will you make your plans to step out of the madding throng for a few weeks to make friends with the joy of living that is rightly yours—to the end that you may arise each morning knowing that life is good and that you are equal to it?

The Homestead, one of America's foremost hotels, has long been the Mecca of people of fashion and distinction who need a tonic rest from business and social cares. The Homestead offers everything that the heart could desire.

The sun is waiting for you here—the bright, warm sunshine of Virginia. The out-of-doors is calling—the bracing air—the woodland trails—the bridle paths and the horses—the links and the putting greens—tennis and many other attractions. Between times, if you desire, you drink the waters and take the baths—a joyous experience in itself. At the table you are served the choicest foods that Southern hospitality can offer you.

And music, of course—man's fourth necessity—does its share to make life pleasant for you here. The concerts at tea time on the glassed-in terraces, on the lawn and in the great foyer hall while you sip your coffee after dinner—with, about you, the kind of people who have always visited at Virginia Hot Springs from the days when George Washington came here. These are occasions you will never forget.

Thus, day by day, this regimen of delight which constitutes the "cure" at Virginia Hot Springs makes you younger and younger.

We invite you to come! And then you will know what youth is worth to you. A very interesting booklet will be forwarded you upon request. Kindly address Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager.

Reservations and transportation from New York may be secured from the Virginia Hot Springs office in the Ritz-Carlton. Daily through Pullman service from New York, Detroit, Cleveland and other Ohio cities to the Virginia Hot Springs.

The HOMESTEAD
Hot Springs Virginia

Summer Temperature Averages 66°

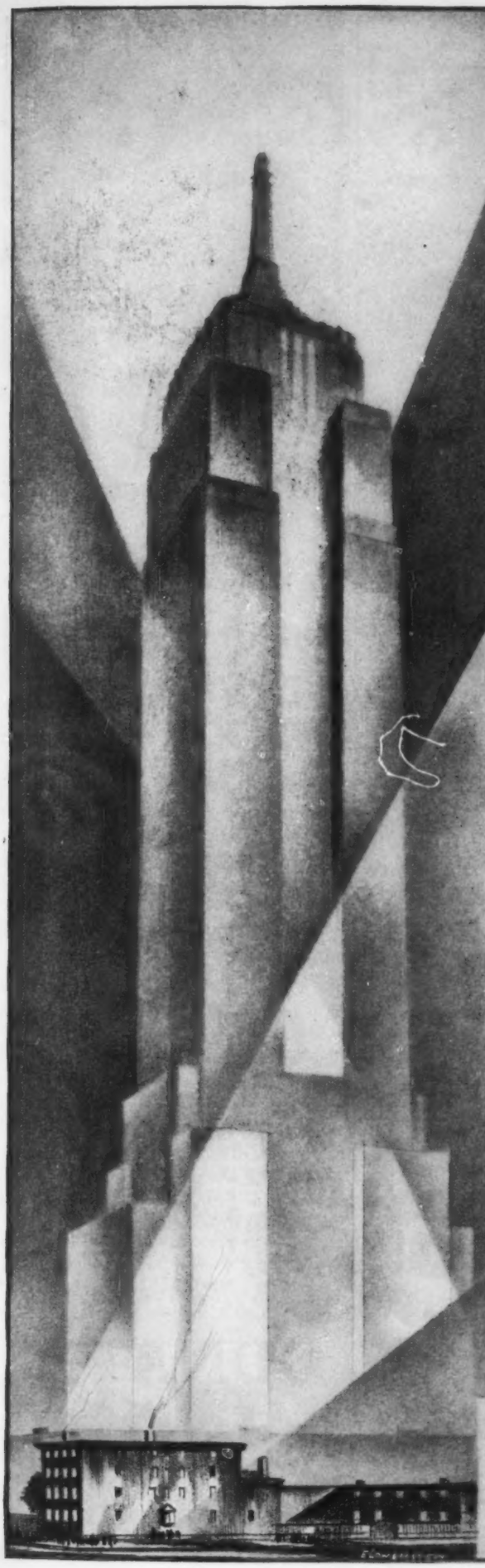
2 H-14

was a bed for a clown. At a given point in the clown's rest, the bed shook itself, erupted like a volcano, and then settled down into a fair-sized automobile that ran off the stage under its own power.

George Williams, head of the carpentry department, built the massive scenes that made up the spectacles. This was not the same kind of stage scenery construction that was used in other shows. The Hippodrome scenery seldom was static; it was never considered worth while unless it earned its way in several rôles. Backdrops had to be reversible so that forests could turn suddenly into golden castles; ships had to be built in sections so that they could be moved and so that there would be room for the elephants to wait backstage for their cue.

DURING the preparation of a spectacle, a platform was thrown over the orchestra pit and some of the scenery was painted there. The Tarrazona brothers, Spanish modernists, who had been taking lessons under the famous Ribera in Mexico City, brought a new wrinkle into the business by painting their scenes flat. Formerly a high scene-loft was thought necessary, the scene-painters riding up and down the face of the scene on slings. The Tarrazonas laid their canvas flat, a piece about eighty-five by one hundred and eighty-five feet, and with brooms and large buckets of paint walked about and struck off their masterpieces.

During the final week of rehearsals the men in the various mechanical departments would average four hours' sleep. They would finally knock off work at four in the morning, sleep until eight, and then begin again. The men and women in the costume departments worked on a similar schedule. The costumes ran in sets of a hundred or over, all of them having to be fitted to individual measurements. Each performer would average eight costumes, which, like the scenery, usually had to do double duty. Ninety-six dress suits had to be contrived so that, by pulling a cord, each suit would suddenly become a soldier's uniform. At a certain note in the grand finale, ninety-six Red Cross nurses had to flip their capes in such a way as to form an acre of American flag. All the materials that went into



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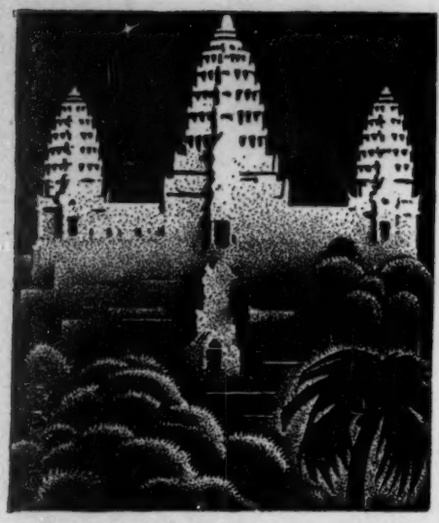

"I have tried all things," wrote PIERRE LOTI, *"I have been everywhere . . . In the depths of the forests of Siam I have seen the star of evening rise over the ruins of mysterious Angkor."*

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¶ This Mediterranean Cruise is timed to be in Nice for the famous Carnival. With 13 days in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . visits to the great and historic Mediterranean cities — *Constantinople, Venice, Algiers,* etc. — and to smaller places, such as *Palermo* and *Taormina, Cattaro* and *Ragusa,* which are typical of their countries. ✡ Rates, $1000 and up.

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the Hippodrome costumes were of the very best. The long wear and the constant cleaning and changing required sturdy silks, brocades, and satins. After the first month of the show, the costumes were cleaned in groups, certain numbers being sent out every Saturday midnight to be returned early Monday morning. A staff of wardrobe women kept the costumes in daily repair.

NEXT to the first day of rehearsal, the greatest thrill came on the night of the final dress rehearsal. Under the Dillingham régime this was run off privately with no guests. It usually marked Mr. Dillingham's first appearance before the cast. If he had anything to say about the affair, he voiced his sentiments after he had seen the performance. One terrible importation came into everyone's first view on one of these dress-rehearsal nights, owing to the delayed landing of a boat. It probably went big on the Rhine, but it fell flat at the Hip after the first thirty minutes. The action concerned a comedian in grotesque clothes who ran around a cluttered room, touching various objects which squirted water in his eye. At each such surprise he would yell "Ak-ro-bat."

That became one of the Hippodrome bywords for "Thumbs down." If an act in any dress rehearsal was under suspicion, everyone looked at Dillingham, and if he found it wanting, he merely said "Akrobat," and the act was on its way back home.

Another tenet of show business is that a poor dress rehearsal always means a fine première performance. So the mishaps, the delays, and the agonies of the rehearsal were never as tragic as they might seem to the lay mind. Enough, however, always happened to shake anyone's faith in the outcome. It was always a little startling to see a number employing two hundred persons, and an elephant or two, thrown out after the dress rehearsal, never to be seen again—unless at the next year's dress rehearsal.

My first memory of a dress rehearsal is chiefly of Burnside sliding in and out, a lean, coatless figure wearing white tennis shoes. After four weeks of intensive drilling, planning, and supervision, he retained a good deal of poise and forbearance. He never used any profanity; his attitude was that of a man not angry but terribly, terribly hurt. Now and then he indulged in a little sarcasm but always managed to compensate by a later compliment to the offender. He knew all his employees

Take your nose out of Baedeker!

Statistics are dull but Europe is swell. Don't read about dead things, do live ones.

For instance, eat your way brightly around Paris where food is food, where every side street has a pearl among restaurants . . . where all the "à la's" on the à la carte or table d'hote menu at your Country Club were invented. Drive to one of the restaurants in the Bois and eat in the truly grand manner. It's supposed to be expensive, but it won't cost you half of what you pay right here at home.

As a preface to all this jollification, get in a smiling mood. Make your days at sea just as enjoyable as those ashore. Cunard ensures just that . . . repose and gaiety in the desired proportions . . . staterooms for which "lavish" is the only word . . . food that makes an exquisite event out of a habit . . . and back of it all the world-famous Cunard management and service . . . a 90 year old tradition of super-excellence.

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by name and treated them all as a sort of sprawling family. Contrary to popular belief, the members of the Hippodrome chorus under the Dillingham régime were not grandmothers. Six of the old-timers had been retained, perhaps out of sentiment, but the average as to youth and beauty was as high as in any Broadway musical. When the taste changed from the Amazon to the pony, the Hip policy changed with it. Every year the Sixth Avenue playhouse graduated several to the "Follies" and the "Scandals" and many more to other shows. The Hippodrome, with its two performances a day, was a strenuous school, with such teachers as Fokine and Massine as masters.

BEFORE the Equity strike, the average wage for a girl was eighteen dollars a week. After the strike it was thirty-five dollars. This was increased for each performer according to her ambition and enterprise. Five dollars extra was given to the ones who climbed the ladder of roses; ten dollars to the ordinary divers. Many of the girls were able to earn seventy dollars a week. The payroll for the backstage people, performers and mechanical staff, averaged around forty thousand dollars. The gross receipts varied from eighty thousand dollars normally to one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars in the weeks that included holiday prices. Unofficial figures once divulged to me showed one spectacle earning a little less than a million for one season, another half a million, and a third netting a loss of five dollars on the year. Some of the spectacles were disastrous financially, losing almost all that had been earned the year before. The Hippodrome Building made scant use of its frontage on three streets, and after such debacles there was always the talk of the Hippodrome coming down. As a rule these stories were feelers for possible customers and, released through the real-estate departments of the newspapers, they brought the usual comment and perhaps a little business to the box office.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

People who associate an inflammation of the appendix with seeds of any kind do so because they erroneously associate seeds with the rather curious pronunciation given to the word "appendicitis" when people use it as if it were spelled "appendi-seed-is."—*Alfred W. McCann in the Daily Mirror.*

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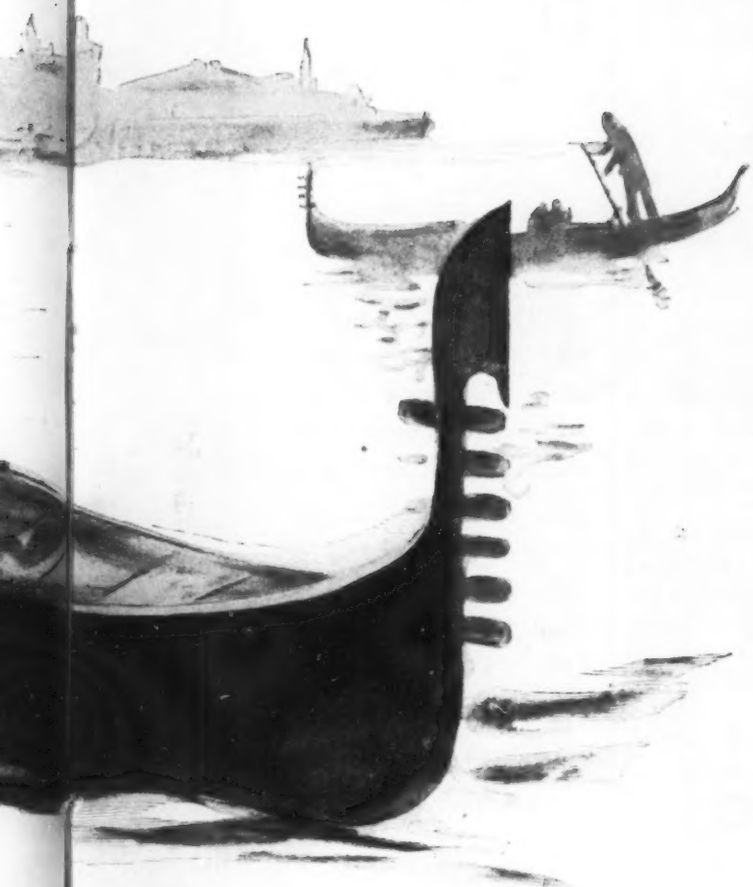

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CONSOLE CONSOLATION

"HELLO, Grace, how are you?"

"Why, Helene! If it isn't you! You haven't changed a bit."

"This is just like old times, when you presided at the organ of the Lyric Theatre and I was the console artist at the Neighborly Cinema. But I have changed, Grace."

"I guess we've all changed since the revolution in the movies. I know I have."

"Mr. McConaghy was wrong!"

"He certainly was, Helene. But he wasn't any more wrong than Mr. Simonson, the manager of the Lyric. I guess everybody was wrong about what the talkies wouldn't do to the movies, and to organists."

"They certainly were, Grace. What have you been doing since the Lyric let you—that is, since the Lyric installed sound equipment?"

"I've been supplying some in a church."

"A church! Grace! What a coincidence! You might not believe it but that's just what I've been doing—supplying in a church."

"One has to do something to keep in practice. How do you like church-organ work, Helene?"

"It's so different, Grace. I guess you know that. Anyone that hadn't been featured in a theatre with the spotlight and everything wouldn't understand how we feel to be so positively unknown as we have to be in church work."

"It's funny, but that's one of the main things that struck me about church-organ work—the absolute impersonality of it all. In the theatre, it was initiative that counted. In the church work, initiative is positively stifled."

"Don't I know it, Grace! Don't I know it! When I first went into this new position, I tried to make myself felt. But I learned my lesson pretty quick, I tell you."

"What happened?"

"NOTHING happened. I just learned my lesson, that's all. Our pastor, the Reverend Dr. Karolmyer, preaches sermons about an hour long. The first Sunday, I listened to his sermon. And the thought came to

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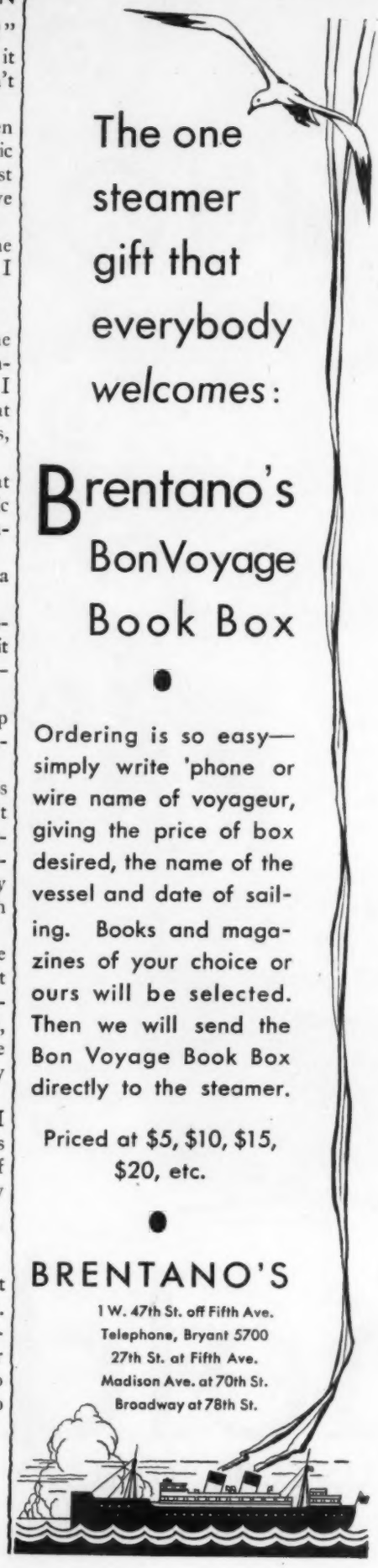


me: why not have incidental organ music with the sermon? This particular Sunday, he was preaching about Samson, and so the thought just occurred to me: why not use theme music with the Sunday sermons? Music from 'Samson and Delilah' would have gone very well with that particular sermon, for instance. And it would have been a great help to the entertainment and interest-compelling value of the sermon."

"What did the pastor say?"

"He didn't say much. Just looked funny, shook his head, and said something about sacrilege."

"I think there are just as many sermons in music as in a lot of old dried-up ideas, Helene, just as I always said that good, interpretive music expressed the souls of the actors and actresses in the movies better than all the canned talk ever could."

"Sometimes I get positively discouraged, Grace. I just want to go away off somewhere, and never see an organ again."

"I feel just the way you do, Helene. Church work certainly is stifling."

"There's no doubt about that—it actually withers one's innermost self. A church is no place for initiative, Grace. And besides—oh, Grace, there's that Chinese place we used to go to sometimes. Let's stop in and have some chow mein just for old times' sake."

"Let's! And then, afterwards, just to show we're broad, let's go and see—I mean hear—Ronald Colman in 'Sinister Sin'!" —JOHN FORBES

•

WHISPERING HOPE

Past the Chrysler mast bright moons have gone
But never a Zeppelin moors thereon.

On the Chrysler mast spring suns have sat
But never an aëroplane ties thereat.

And still we scan with a wistful eye
The heretofore disappointing sky,

Hoping, like children, that eftsoon
The Chrysler mast will spear the moon;

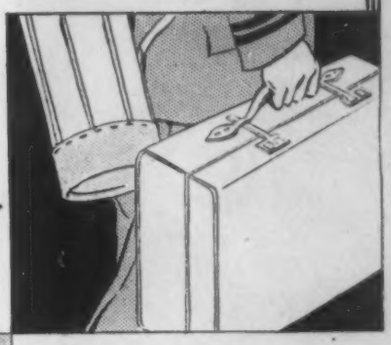
Hoping, like children, just for fun
The Chrysler mast will spike the sun,

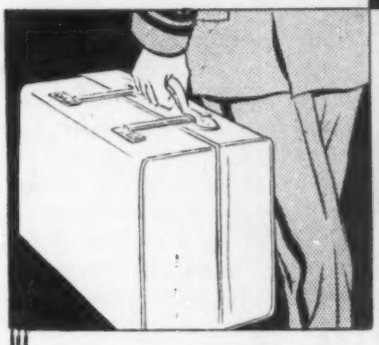
A planet bold or a maudlin star—
And that's the kind of a goop we are!

—ELSPETH

THE SAME REVELATION

GOING AWAY→





COMING ← BACK

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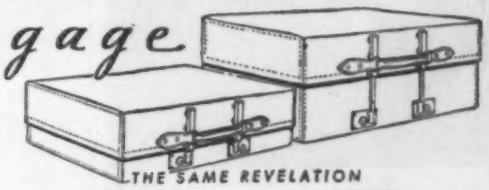
REVELATION *Luggage*

ADJUSTS TO FIT THE CONTENTS



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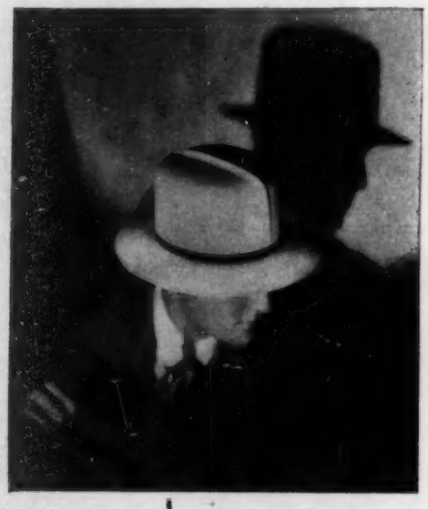

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THE ART GALLERIES

Frivolous Sculptors — And Fashionable Ads

IT is inevitable that the show of contemporary sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum should not be very exciting. Large collections of statuary, especially of contemporary statuary, never are. Moreover the traditions of sculpture keep the show from being entertaining. Sculptors deal in permanent materials, like stone and bronze, and must trade in ideas which have been proved to have at least a promise of permanence.

We all know those ideas. They have to do with motherhood, suffering, glory, patriotism, death, adolescence, etc., on one side, and with the mythological tales on the other. Sculptors must have the grand manner.

This is almost incontrovertible, or was. Now jazz is eating holes in the fabric of that idea, is making it seem moth-eaten. The modern sculptor —there are quite a few in this show— realizing this, has turned, probably in desperation, to other materials, to wood and terra cotta, tin and wire. It is, of course, beyond the dignity of a museum to include works in the last two mediums, but some pieces of this nature, though not limited to odd materials, are shown. Among others, they are by William Zorach, Hunt Diederich, Chana Orloff, Duncan Ferguson, and Chaim Gross.

MONUMENTAL sculptors wave these people aside carelessly, forgetting that these makers of statuettes might get into their class if they had monuments to do. They forget also that having a monument to do does not necessarily make one a monumental sculptor. This is proved often enough here. Victor Frisch's big "Broken Wing" is one example and the notorious "Pioneer Woman" by Bryant Baker another. The latter is set up in plaster—in the exact size of the original bronze—on the grand staircase leading into the Museum. It is strange that a museum, by nature a leader in matters of art, should be so impressed by the choice of a popular

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vote. Flanking this candy-box giant are four more monumental things by the late Charles Cary Rumsey and in front of it is still another: his equestrian figure of an American Indian.

More Rumseys, about sixty, are in the main exhibition. Also Andrew O'Connor is there, with the "Tristan and Isolde" which won him the gold medal at the Salon des Artistes Français of 1928; Mahonri Young, with some of the statuettes of pugilists he did in Paris; the late Charles Grafly, with a collection of portrait heads; Paul Manship, with a "Europa" cut compositionally to fit into a block of marble; and Albert Stewart, with a very tame "Leda and the Swan." Gaston Lachaise, Maillol, Malvina Hoffman, and McCartan are also represented.

The show, on the whole, is fairly comprehensive.

THE Ninth Annual Exhibition of Advertising Art at the Art Center has been very decidedly edited to make an appeal to smart people. A fashionable tone predominates in it, for the advertising seems, at first glance, to be exclusively of exceedingly expensive and somewhat frivolous merchandise. There is only one car-card in evidence and it, though a prizewinner, seems like a poor relation in this company.

With the rest, two influences are most noticeable. One is created by the Leyendeckers of Chicago and the other by the modern French school. Harvey Dunn's tractor is an elephant in this china closet. The Leyendeckers, once rather smart, now seem dull, drab, bourgeois. Their mode must be waning and the too stupidly handsome collar man must be dying. The most sophisticated of these advertising pictures, and there are many showing a smart sophistry, is by Peter Arno. After him comes Carl Erickson, who has a prettier way about him. Rockwell Kent is in another class with a rather ponderous style, which becomes softened when used by the more adaptable hands of Georgi. The Covarrubias painting for the "instrument of the immortals" is an amusing reminder of the late cubistic love of tactile qualities in pigment.

The collection is thoroughly worth seeing and is exceptionally well displayed. Advertising in this limited field is doing very nicely. The advertising drawings made to appeal to the millions would be quite another matter; but then they, undoubtedly, could have no place in the Art Center.

—G. P. B.

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TEE AND GR

Walker Cup Landslide —Wales for America— The

BOBBY JONES' sportsmanlike trepidation just before the Walker Cup matches was bound to win favor with the English. Whenever he was asked for a statement about his team, his reply was invariably that he didn't know, couldn't tell: he felt they had a fair chance, but on the other hand . . . It was quite different from the way Walter Hagen talked two years ago. For some reason Hagen drew the crude conclusion that if people requested his opinion they were interested in having it, and accordingly, when English golf was up for discussion, he offered with unpleasant concreteness his analysis of why it was no good. Jones, with more diplomacy, waited until his team had expressed his unuttered confidence by winning with the very handy score of 10 points to 2.

THAT the American team won decisively was not much of a surprise, but they won by scores that were even higher than I expected. When a series of twosome matches end in scores like 9 and 8, 7 and 6, 6 and 5, 5 and 4, it is fairly clear that the contestants aren't evenly matched. Only two of the twosomes were close—Von Elm's 3-and-2 victory over Hartley, and Don Moe's, on the last green, over Stout. Bernard Darwin, English sportswriter and an able golfer himself, said of Ouimet, the only member of our team to lose his match, that he "played like a tired old man." It was probably true, but it's not likely to have bothered Ouimet much: he has been giving so much time to his business for years that he has felt lucky when he got in a round once a week, on Sunday morning. He is still capable of brilliant spurts, but there's no doubt that he is less of a golfer than he was in the days when people talked about him as the boy wonder, and he tied Vardon and Ray in the National Open, and beat them in the playoff.

THE best of the matches at Sandwich was, by all accounts, the foursome played by the teams of Tolley-Wethered, Voigt-Von Elm. That was one for the English, and they played miraculous golf to get it. Voigt and Von Elm were 2 up at lunchtime.

GREEN

—A British Foursome
The Ladies at Formby

Tolley was approaching badly and Wethered had been inaccurate off the tees. After lunch the drama started.

The tension in a two-ball foursome, or any other match for that matter, involves more than the score. It depends to a great extent on personalities. There are golf matches in which the styles of the competitors stand out in as sharp contrast as, in the prizering, the difference between a boxer and a slugger. This foursome had such a contrast. You can picture Tolley as he looked when he was over here to play at Pebble Beach last fall—gray-haired and ruddy, with his thick, short legs and fantastically broad, powerful shoulders. Wethered is one of those tall men who have never lost the awkwardness of schoolboys who have grown too fast. He is gangling and erratic. Picture these two, and beside them Voigt, lean and cautious, with the face and manner of a sexton, yet calculating, decisive, and Von Elm, trim, blond, extremely slender, with an impassive, handsome face and regular features. Their golf is exactly what you would expect of their personalities except that Von Elm hits a wooden shot farther than seems distantly possible for a chap of his size—farther than any other amateur except Jones and Tolley. It must have annoyed the big Englishman to find his terrific wallops with the wooden club equalled to an inch, and sometimes beaten, by little Von Elm. I never understood how the Californian got his distance until, dressing near him in the locker-room at Winged Foot, I noticed the high, specialized muscle built along his thin shoulders by the single act of swinging a golf club. Unfortunately for Von Elm, he couldn't play everything with his driver in the foursome and he was putting badly, while Tolley, deadly anywhere near the greens, was sinking three putts from over 15 yards.

A FEW breaks might have changed this match, which the English won 2 up, and given our team a clean sweep in the foursomes. If Tolley had missed the chip shot he sank at the fifth in the afternoon; if Voigt had got out of the bunker at the tenth and Von Elm had holed his partner's fine tee shot at the sixteenth—but none of these things happened, and at the seventeenth Voigt had to hole a ten-foot putt to keep the

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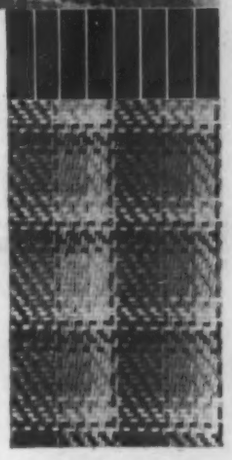

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match alive. Probably every Englishman on the course had heard what was going on and rushed over to see them play the last hole, where Von Elm missed another putt.

OUR team was lucky in the weather. The wind that rolls from the Channel over the dunes of the Sandwich course every week of the year had suddenly dropped. All Bobby Jones' men had brought elaborate rain equipment—thin rubber shirts, striped golf umbrellas big enough to cover the caddy as well as the player, resin for their hands. They never needed any of it. Nor were they bothered much by the differences between St. George's course and the kind they have been used to here. Von Elm, who likes a close lie for his brassie shots, was annoyed by the way the ball sat up on the trim English grass: he spent most of his time before the matches practicing full woods from the fairway. The big greens puzzled Dr. Willing, and George Voigt, while his team-mates drove over to Canterbury, stayed on the course to practice irons. Once the matches started, the Prince of Wales turned out to be a factor that helped our side; Jones, with the Prince in his gallery, played his best shot of the first day—a long brassie square to the pin at the fifteenth—and as long as Harrison Johnston knew the Prince was watching he never drove less than 275 yards.

WHILE all this was going on at Sandwich, Glenna Collett quietly played through the best British women golfers at Formby, only to be put out in the final round by little Diana Fishwick. Because for some reason women's tournaments are always arranged by drawing the names of the competitors out of a hat without first seeding the best players, Glenna had to play her hardest match—the one with Molly Gourlay—in the fifth round. She showed her class clearly by coming through as well as she did, and the fact that she wavered against Miss Fishwick, who played nervy, brilliant golf, does not detract much from her standing as the best girl golfer in this country—and as, barring Joyce Wethered, the best one anywhere, for that matter.

—N. B., Jr.

•

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YOUR first visit to a family. Your relief at finding someone home. Your uncertainty as to whether Roscommon is in Northern Ireland or the Irish Free State. Your first confident reply to the rumors of a coming tax on radios. Your successful enumeration of your first family. Your unsuccessful efforts to find anyone at home in the next three houses. The block where everybody speaks Italian. The old woman who will not let you in. The second old woman who will not let you in. The effort to find someone to act as an interpreter. The general haziness about ages and dates of arrival in the United States. The first man out of work. His hopefulness that your coming means that the government is going to find him a job. Your growing dislike of a once-ready explanation that the government is not going to tax radios.

The woman who says she doesn't want any when you say "Census" as she responds to your knock. The first door slammed in your face. The difficulty of trying to explain census-taking through an inch of oak. The kindly-faced old Irishwoman who has been waiting for you. Your surpassing joy that she has no radio and is not worried about possible taxation. The household of giggling young girls entertaining a visiting wit. Your labored effort to remain calm in the face of his witticisms. The second man out of work. The first story of

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hard times. The third and the fourth men out of work. The second and the third stories of hard times.

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The trips back after dark to locate families not at home. The five times you return to knock unavailingly at a sixth-floor-front walkup. The final information that the family are acrobats, and their present trouping destiny unknown. Your conscientious scruples about not listing them. Your final determination that they will probably be enumerated somewhere else.

YOUR final arrival at the block of exclusive apartments. The refusal of the first superintendent to allow you to enter. Your search for a policeman. Your failure to find one. Your repeated explanations. The superintendent's refusal to deliver family schedules for you. Your surreptitious entrance into the building in the wake of Mrs. Van Vandervan's maid and dog. The reiterated refusal of maids to allow you to see the mistress. The continued refusal of men to allow you to see the master. The painful effort to convince a Japanese houseboy, a French governess, an English butler that you are a representative of the government. Your hearty wish that you were back in the block with the tenements.

Your triumphant entrance into the apartment of Mrs. Van Vandervan. Her amused insolence. Your grave doubts whether she is answering you at all correctly. The report to the supervisor. The assurance that those

who refuse you will be summoned to the office for enumeration. Your wonder whether the four cents a name will still be yours.

THE completion of your district. The long hours checking up your entries. The discovery that you have misread some of the directions. The frantic efforts with eraser and eradicator to correct your sheets. The resulting blotches. The long and painful recopying of sheets. The proud moment in which you convey your portfolio to the supervisor's office. Your frenzied reckoning that in three weeks of thirteen-hour days you have made thirty-six dollars and seventy-two cents. Your expectation of a government voucher as you hand in your book. The suave assurance of the supervisor that the cheques will "be along" some time in late June. Your resolve to end it all. Your discovery on reaching home of a letter from the district attorney that the census-taker has been unable to find you at home; the warning hint that you have been willfully evading his visit, and reminder of the penalties thereof. —McGregor

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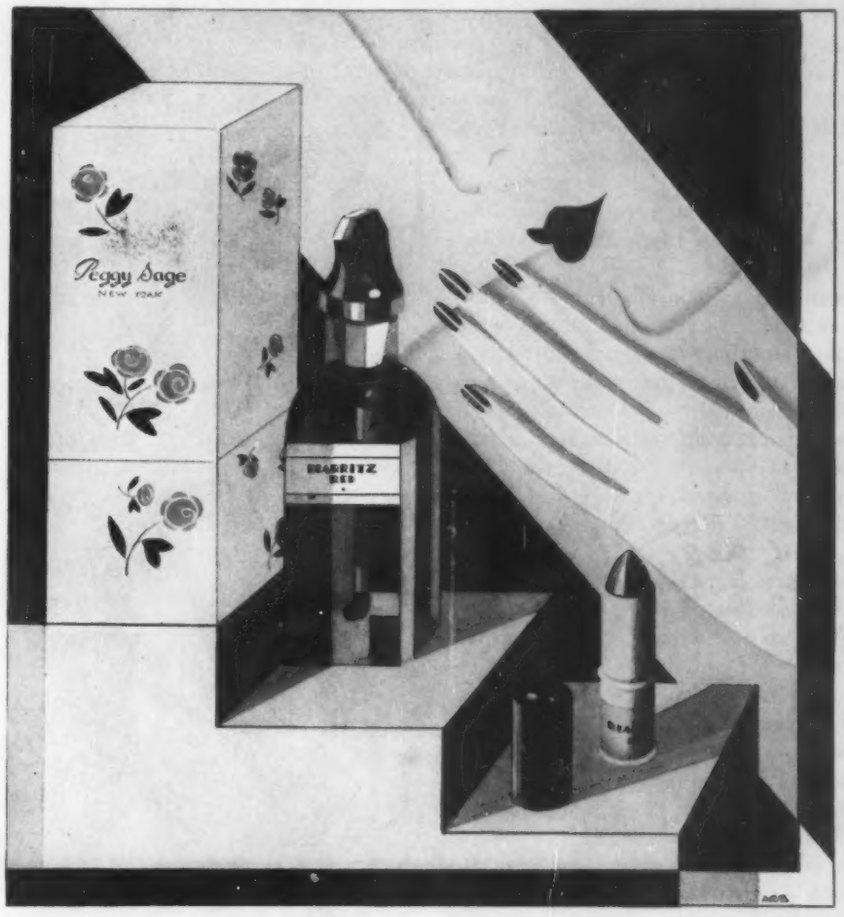
RETIRED

They call it Pleasant Pastures and of course
It's a fine place, green country, and remote,
A haven for an old rheumatic horse;
But when one's eaten to the last full oat
Out of the seamy nosebag of romance
It seems a little dull of afternoons—
These other nags, the friends of circumstance,
What do they know of yellow cab-stand moons
On glamorous pre-Volstead nights?
They never looked on Russell in her prime,
Or took the swells to see the city sights.
I was the demon trotter of my time.
If I could back into the shafts again
Just once, before that canter in the dark,
I might recapture the exultant strain
Of ringing cobbles smitten to a spark.
But still an old girl has her memories—
A red-haired chap who came along the street.
I like the apples on the orchard trees
But those He gave me were a deal more sweet!

—Persis Greely Anderson

PEGGY SAGE NAIL POLISHES AND LIPSTICKS TO MATCH

Perhaps you've had a recent manicure at Peggy Sage's 57th Street Salon . . . and have seen these smart twin products. Or perhaps you've noticed this chic ensemble on a discriminating friend. Anyway, you'll want them . . . and you'll find them . . . nail polish and lipstick in three matched shades . . . at the smartest cosmetic counters in New York and other cities.



Peggy Sage has, too, nail polishes in the rare Ensemble Shades, to match jewels or gowns . . . White Pearl, Rose Pearl, Jade Green, Sapphire Blue, Onyx, Amethyst, Silver and Gold. And her well-known standard colors . . . Pale, Medium, Rose-Coral, Dark, Blood-Red. These shades . . . as well as the matched products . . . may be seen at the Peggy Sage salons, and at smart shops everywhere.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAY 14

FOR inducing an acute case of jitters, there is nothing more thorough than a three-week session of midseason collections, one to be taken every morning, one directly after luncheon, and a third about teatime. Since the midseason audiences are one-third *haut monde* ordering pajamas for the Lido, one-third New York buyers fingering wool coats for autumn purchases, and the remainder resident purchasers and fashion scouts looking for style tendencies that might mean something in 1945, you can imagine what the resulting conglomeration is like.

AT this point I want to make an especially low salaam to Madame Chantal. In her quiet way she has managed to join the Inner Circle of the Champs-Élysées, by producing the most stunning clothes which are vivid without being theatrical, and never show the taint of imitation. If the buyers of your favorite shop haven't brought you home a generous portion of her midseason show, be kind to them, but see that they don't let it happen again.

Chantal has some of the best beach pajamas I've seen yet: Le Mousse—of stiff, coarse white linen, worn with navy scarf and beret; Le Cowboy—red sweater, beige pants with a brown stripe running up the sides, and beige blouse cut with square décolletage; and Le Pirate—black wool alpaca with pants laced up the front and back. Along with these she shows a number of costumes of washable materials that look enough like tweeds to get by for town wear.

She has a whole series of costumes that she calls Town et Country, made up of a coat to wear while driving in town, and a dress that will do for almost anything before seven. One is a perfectly simple white georgette dress, topped by a black georgette coat made with masculine revers and raglan shoulders, just like a raincoat. It has two alluring names—Il Pleuvait Ce Matin and Le Soleil Est Revenu—that suggest how well-thought-out the whole thing is.

Chantal's autumn color forecasts include a lot of brown—of the chocolate variety—some bright reds, a deep warm green, and a new Chantal green which is something like chartreuse.

THE buyers at Ardanse's opening all made dives at two grand evening dresses, so you'll see them soon. Both have a deep, round décolletage that gives an effect of being just about to slip off your shoulders—flesh-colored net holds it in place. One in black chiffon, called Jane Renouardt, has a deep all-around bertha; the other is white with a black velvet ribbon sash and a little cape that goes on backwards. Ardanse probably didn't understand the laughs that greeted her grandest black lace evening dress, with its extra lace jacket, starched lace collar, and three-quarter cuffs. Nobody laughed at the dress—it's a knockout. She had named it Speakeasy.

Note for feminists: The Ardanse fringe dress called Orchidée has very defined white satin ankle-length trousers under the fringe skirt.

A LUCILE PARAY show is always difficult to write about. In the first place, you'd like to mention everything in the collection—but, judging from the way *vendeuses* were scribbling down numbers at the opening, you'll soon see all eighty-seven of the

"I forget the name of the piece, but there was something in it about 'I love you, I love you, baby.'"

☆

An Impression

OF SUMMER CHIC AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA

Paris and Bergdorf Goodman create an *entente cordiale* of high fashion in the Summer Collection, ready now. Poster prints in crêpes and chiffons . . . frocks in the cosmopolitan feeling . . . hats with grace and mischief in them . . . accessories of finished chic . . . all the definite "musts" of the mode united with a fluidity of line and brilliance of design becoming to the smart American woman.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
NEW YORK

☆

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Offer You A New Way -- To Say It Sweetly!

HONEY is Nature's own sweet and now for the first time it comes to you in glorified form. HONEY-MAID Chocolates provide a score of flavors, nuts and fruits, nougats, marshmallows and other delights.

HEALTHFUL and LESS FATTENING

FRANKLIN SIMON & CO. ✣ CHARLES & COMPANY ✣ REUBEN'S -- and hundreds of leading dealers are offering these smart new boxes now so popular. *Those who choose sweets in the knowing manner are loud in their praise of this new less-fattening candy.*

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Very fine William and Mary walnut wing chair, covered in contemporary gold brocatelle.

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Two centuries ago the desirability of furniture was judged both for its comfort and its beauty, as this chair and our many other fine pieces testify. Our department of interior decoration will design interiors of beauty and charm worthy of the choice antiques we offer.

H. Douglas Curry & Co.
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midseason models too. Besides, Paray clothes are beginning to have, in common with Molyneux things, that wearable quality which is impossible to describe in print. At any rate the autumn models have lots of dark brown, of the same chocolaty variety as Chantal's; lots of dark greens; and some yellowy reds too. Most of the coats have seven-eighth sleeves, showing the dress sleeves below. Many of the blouses avoid a tuck-in effect by insinuating the blouse toward a belt in some way.

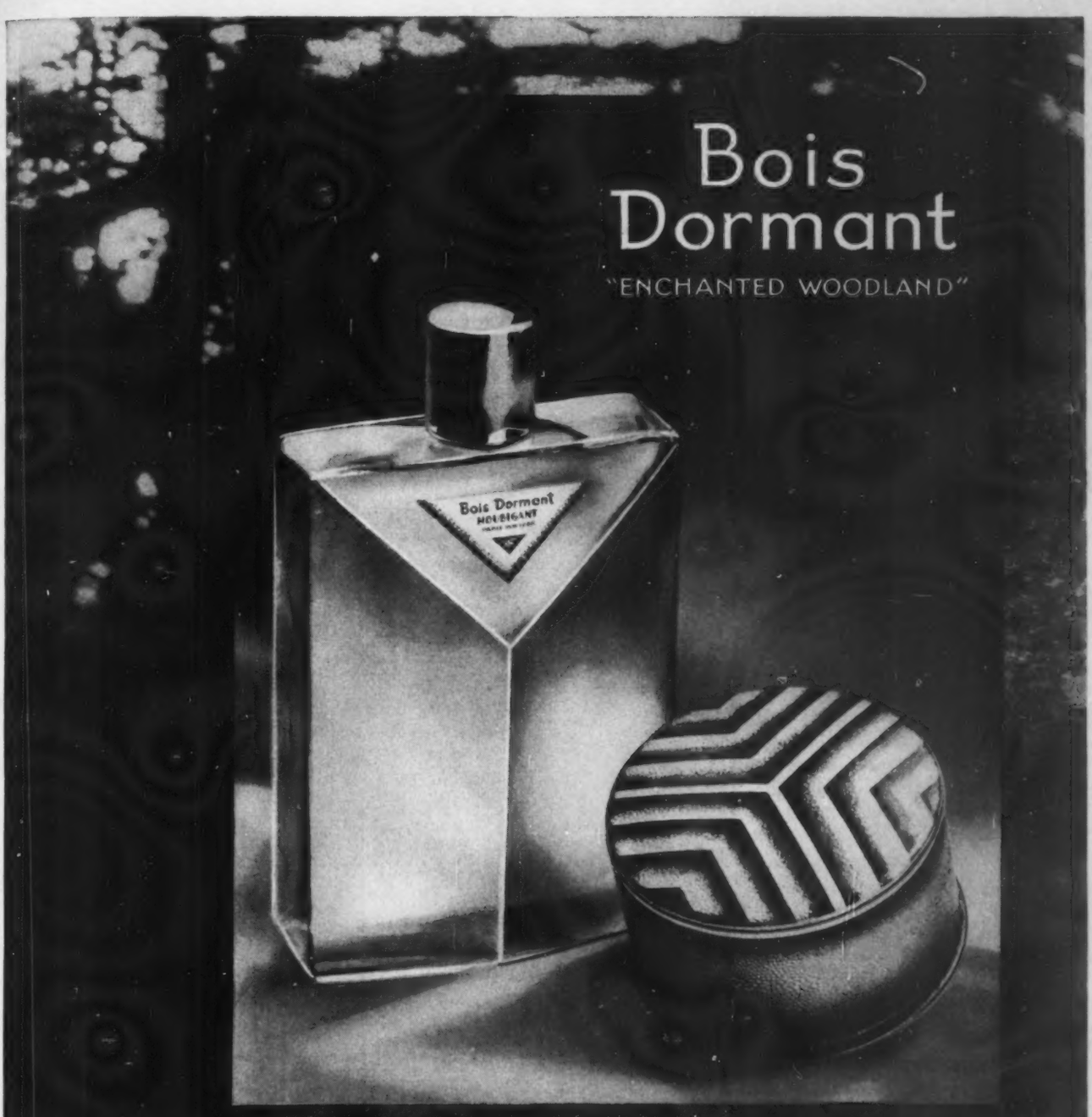
ODDS AND ENDS: Any amount of turquoise jewelry and turquoise-colored materials at Worth; also a new use of starched chiffon, for plain vestees to wear with low V-necked dresses. . . . A new printed silk at Louiseboulanger —it has a little self-colored brocaded pattern running through the printed design. . . . At Augustabernard, some marvellous blouses of white chiffon, all little tucks, and some grand simple dresses with colored incrustations on raglan shoulders. . . . At Jenny, the youngest of all young-girl evening dresses of pink organdy—just to remind you that in spite of all this fanfare of autumn forecasts, the whole summer is still to come. —B. M.

THIS AND THAT

Hot-Weather Furbelows

AS hot weather got ready to pounce upon us all, numerous gewgaws and shreds of information turned up around here which, fortunately, may be classified under one general heading: being warm gracefully as far as skin, hair, and general appearance go. You know perfectly well that makeup has a tendency to ooze unpleasantly after a game of tennis (or even after the effort of climbing into a taxi with the thermometer asking "How high is up?"); and that isn't at all dainty, my darlings, besides being a terrible strain upon your compact.

A NEW trio of products that have much to recommend them, in hot weather particularly, have been brought out by Mme. Leontine and are on sale at Franklin Simon, Stern, and Wanamaker. They are used in conjunction with water—which should please many who have a sneaking fondness for it —but are not at all drying. At night, you wet your washcloth with warm water and sprinkle upon it a brown crumbly powder with which you wash



This, the newest parfum of Houbigant, has enslaved all Paris with its allure. Its fragrance lingers, lasts, appeals for days . . . . and always intrigues.

PRICED AT $5, $9 AND $16 — AND IN THE PURSE SIZE FLACON, $1 . . . FACE POWDER, $1

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

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You who must look charming every hour in the day will find refreshing loveliness in a treatment at the Helena Rubinstein Salons. For no matter how busily engaged you are, it pays to take time for Beauty! And moments at the Salon are priceless since they help you to retain or regain a youthful skin.

There is the exquisite new Water Lily Mask for instance. How softly smooth it leaves your face—yet how firm and delicately glowing! Of course the Mask is but one of Helena Rubinstein's many authoritative beauty treatments obtainable at her American and European salons. You may, if you desire, subscribe to a complete and luxurious course of treatments, destined to awake in you the keen exhilaration of youth!

Written instructions will also be given you at the Salons, designating the correct preparations for you to purchase at your favorite store.

Helena Rubinstein

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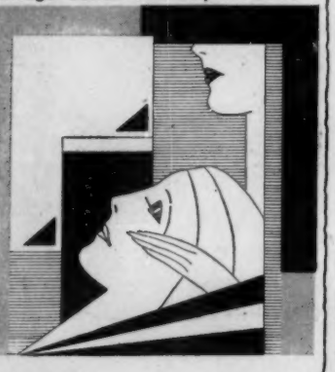


your face. It cleans the face very thoroughly and tightens the pores without giving you the burning feeling of an astringent. After this you use a rich cream that is absorbed exceptionally readily in the pores, and then you go to bed serene. In the morning, you use a bit more cream and then, in a bowl of warm water, pour two tablespoonfuls of Mme. Leontine's saline solution—and wash your face. This also leaves the skin nice and firm, and a bit more cream rubbed in makes you ready for your makeup. I found that with these preparations the face became shiny, and needed retouching, much less frequently than usual; and the products are in good standing with the Board of Health, which is always nice to know.

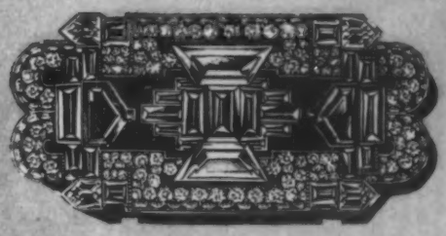
DOROTHY GRAY has recently come forth with a mascara that stays on and stays on and stays on. I am not deluded by such claims—I always try crying and rubbing the eyes before I believe a word of them and, except for Kameo (at Saks), none I have tried has stood the test until now.

This mascara is a liquid, put on with a brush at the end of the stopper, like liquid nail polish, and it does not cake on the lashes. I did not try dropping some in my eye to see if it smarts or not—what am I, the Queen's poison-tester? After twelve hours there were no smudges around the eyes. I can't guarantee what prolonged use of it would do to your lashes, but it is waterproof and durable. In black, light and dark brown, and blue, which is quite grand for blue eyes with light lashes.

TWO more or less well-known cleansing creams are also good for hot weather, for they are like thick cream, absorb readily, and leave no oily residue that heat will bring out. They are Bertie's Lait D'Oesype and Alexandra de Markoff's cleansing fluid, both dandies.

LAST year at this time there were, by actual count, two hundred and seventeen bottles, jars, and boxes around the window sills of this office, all destined to give you a fake tan. This year there is not one, showing that business is fundamentally sound. I always shrieked that tan makeup (except to blend with brown skin) was not only pretentious and silly but also a lot of trouble. This year, I think that people to whom tan is becoming and easy will tan naturally; the others will eschew

PIQUANT CHARM!



Brooch with pentagon emeralds and baguette and emerald-cut diamonds

Clip with blue-white pentagon emerald-cut diamond

Little Clip Watch of baguette and round Diamonds with Emerald bead in center. Sapphire, Ruby and Emerald foliage.

Bracelet of emerald-cut Diamonds separated by Baguette Diamonds

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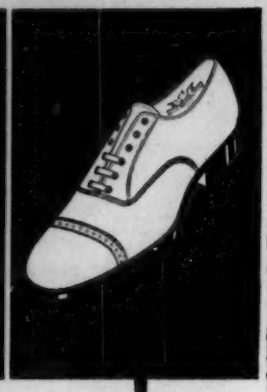

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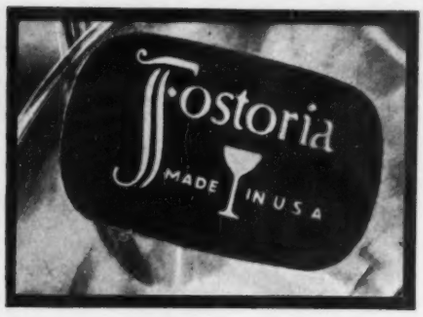
it. (Nice word, eschew. Sounds erudite.) I know that I will be darned if I will spend hours on the beach (when it takes all I've got to be fascinating), covered with oil to which the sand has caked horribly, in order to look well at the end of the summer for two weeks before the tan turns yellow. Preliminary tanning should be done in private, under lamps or on private beaches. Or, if you want to avoid the burning stages in public and still look civilized, No-Burn, at Spalding, sinks instantly into the skin without leaving it greasy, and seems to discourage freckles as well as redness.

FOR the hair, Mme. Louise Berthelon, among others, at 424 Madison Avenue, is making much of a preparation called Vapon, a by-product of petroleum brought out by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. This is made on the cleaning-fluid principle for a speedy and thorough shampoo that will not disturb your wave. I tried it myself (what must this brave little woman look like by now?) and report as follows: (1) The smell is a sort of medical, chloroformy odor, which, however, vanishes the instant it dries, so that you don't smell like a dress just back from the cleaner's; (2) it removes dirt and superfluous oil from the hair but leaves it soft, with the marcel or finger wave absolutely undisturbed and a nice gloss over all (Mme. Berthelon recommends an oil shampoo every six weeks, with this in between); (3) it picks dandruff up by the roots and a supplementary preparation removes it entirely; (4) an entire shampoo takes fifteen minutes at the most. For dusty travelling by motor or train; for trips through the wilds; for refreshing and cleaning the hair in hot weather; for invalids or for people afflicted with sinus or heavy colds; for all home shampooing—it is the answer to a maiden's prayer. This type of shampoo has been known in Europe for a long time, but this version of it, if memory serves me right, beats the ones in Paris and Vienna by not being too drying. Take twenty minutes out of your shopping trip and have Mme. Berthelon tell you about it.

There is also a skin cleanser, on the same principle, which leaves the skin soft after fairly yanking dirt from your face and hands.

THESE little matters being attended to, we will now sweep authoritatively into a field that reveals as much of the skin as possible—to wit,



>> THE modern hostess finds an unusual opportunity to achieve a charming table with the exquisitely colored Fostoria dinner service. ■ Everything from hors d'œuvres to after-dinner coffee can be served in glass of sparkling beauty. Glass that, though it seems as fragile as a bubble, is as practical as china for serving hot and cold foods. ■ Fostoria is sold on the "open-stock" plan at the finest shops throughout the country. Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va.

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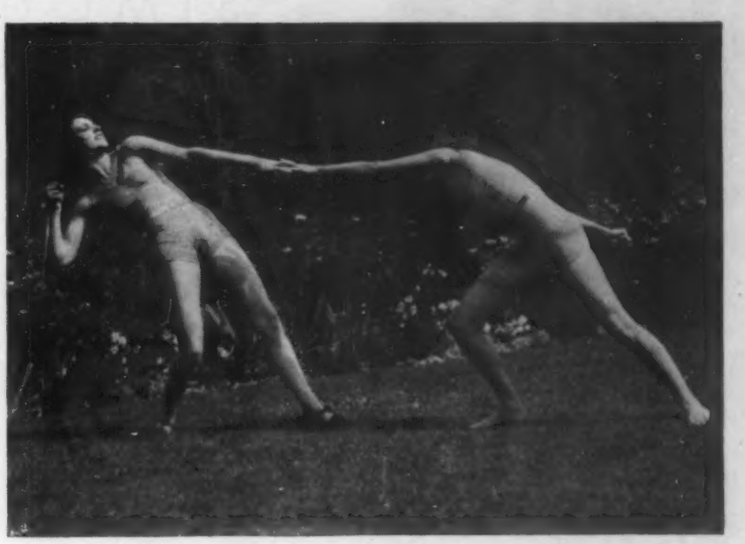
bathing suits; my authority—how did you ever guess?—being Saks-Fifth Avenue.

In simple, businesslike bathing suits, the latest are belted one-piece affairs that end in straight trunks without further ado. The trunks do not indulge in pleatings and fullnesses that make the figure bulky, but are straight and give the suit the effect of a tunic without necessitating tights under it. There are some grand ones, in vividly and finely striped knit stuff, with deep V-backs, at $12.50. (I loved one in yellow, tomato, and white stripes—not too loud, just loud enough.) There are lots of silky ones in imported celanese (this does not shrink or fade) made double throughout so as not to cling too much. Some have boleros to match. Or you can have them in single or double wool jersey in marvellous colors. Another new note in jerseys is to be found in some suits of a tweed knit imported from England. These may be of the tunic type, either with shorts worn beneath, or with the shorts outside. A new wrinkle in the tanning-the-back situation is a two-piece suit with a zipper from the back of the neck to the waist, nice for modest souls who don't like to lose their shoulder-straps, or even their entire suit, in the water. These in navy, red and black, or navy and white, b'gosh.

Those good old jersey one-piece swimming suits with low backs and skirt things around the hips are still here at $7.95—in all kinds of pastel colors, in beige to look like your own tanned skin, in darkish yellows and greens and odd colorings. They keep shape and coloring beautifully. I know.

THE tennis-shorts idea has now been developed—greatly to the relief of people whose tuck-in blouses invariably pull out during a strenuous game—in one piece, and they are simply too too. There is one in shantung, buttoned from the V-neck way down, with a sort of deep yoke built in around the waist and the pleats of the shorts released well toward the end. The other version has a low back so that no buttons are needed to get into it. They may be either in flat crêpe or shantung; either all in one color or with the lower part contrasting to give an added two-piece effect. Much more becoming to the figure than the actual two-piece kind.

For either swimming or tennis, look at linen suits in one piece with polka-



WHAT IS GOING INSIDE THAT SUMMER WARDROBE?

Those slim belted little frocks that you see in the shop windows will be hanging in your wardrobe before long. The cunning little hats will be sitting on their stands on the shelf. But that's not all—what's going to go under them?

Will your ravishing mental image of you in that backless dance frock be a disappointment after all? How are the crucial spots? Elbows, back, neck, ankles . . . will they bear inspection? If you have any qualms, come straight to Elizabeth Arden.

For Miss Arden's skill has the whole realm of women's beauty for its province. She can train a figure, shape an elbow, taper an ankle just as surely and naturally as she can clear a skin. One department of her Salon is entirely devoted to the beautifying of bodies.

Just telephone for an appointment and explain your needs to one of her well trained Assistants. She will prescribe for you the sure, scientific method best fitted to your individual case. Please telephone Plaza 5784.

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NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
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dotted tops and plain heavy linen bottoms, with floppy hats or berets and a bolero to complete them.

You can't say I haven't done my best for your problems this week.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Carpenters and Closets—Trick But Chippendale —Signed by Orrefors

AGAIN I enjoin all you summer tourists, in the name of comfort and economy, to sit right down and consider the improvements and installations you want made in your town place, before going off for the summer. Labor is cheaper and service is better now than at any other time of the year, and who are you to disregard either of these vital points? At this particular period even carpenters, they tell me, can be wheedled into coming around the same day you send for them. If you don't think that this is something to shout about, go ahead and wait until fall and see what happens.

Practical suggestion on this theme: In case it's closets you are thinking of having installed, investigate the excellent ideas of Mrs. George Herzog, 780 Madison Avenue. Mrs. Herzog can wangle storage space that would simply amaze you out of a two-by-three closet. For gentlemen's closets, you ought to see Philip Hall, 38 East Forty-ninth Street. He has stock units—shelves, drawers, and slides—to fit all sorts of spaces, and he makes up others as well, with a deep, masculine understanding of the particular needs and fancies gentlemen will develop from time to time. (I make these announcements annually and you have probably read them before, but after all there is always a new generation springing up and it's hard to restrain this habitually guiding hand.)

THE Danersk Furniture people have now burst forth with a little gem among card tables, to an accompaniment of admiring cries by me. They have done it in the Chippendale tradition, with the regulation straight, square leg at each corner. The trick is that one leg turns aside and the entire angle it supports folds down, thus forming a triangular drop leaf and leaving you with a triangular table,

which then fits snugly into a corner of the room, where it looks very handsome. If you have no available corners, you simply fold down the other half of the table and put the whole thing, which has now been reduced to a width of barely five inches, away in a closet.

You can see this at the company's showrooms, 383 Madison Avenue. It comes in a very nice mahogany, and costs $54.

THIS week's discovery of decorative treasures in a dress shop happened at Maybelle Manning's, 14 East Fifty-fifth Street, where Countess Sparre of Sweden has been showing some really elegant specimens of Orrefors glass. Now almost all the Orrefors glass I have seen was beautiful to gaze upon, but not the sort of thing you want to wrap up and take home on sight; it usually has the museum look, if you know what I mean. These pieces, however, are to use and live with. There are huge whiskey-and-soda glasses, designed to fit the male hand—these in clear crystal etched all over with stars, comets, and other Orrefors emblems; signed pieces, you understand, at $7.10 each. Other glasses for the same illegal purpose are in a deep, smoky color, built on the same generous scale but without the etching; $1.10 each. Some little plump cocktail cups, with handles set low down toward the base, are $4 apiece, and very fetching. Bowls and vases abound, of course; they are lovely, but the glasses excited me.

HOUSEHOLD-HINTS DEPARTMENT: Two pieces of news have come to spread sunshine in the lives of ladies who love to putter about in the kitchen.

The first is a tea towel called Red Bird, said to be entirely lintless—an advantage which all embittered owners of sparkling glassware will be quick to appreciate.

The second is a set of chromium-plated kitchen tongs called Pom—nice, because their teeth are carefully shaped to prevent tearing to shreds whatever hot food you are trying to pick up. At present there is a size for bacon and cracked ice, another for corn, fried oysters, and (it's what they'll tell you!) cafeteria service, and a third for baked potatoes, hot plates, and muffins, thus covering almost all the major requirements of ordinary living. They promise a new size soon—extra large, for roast chicken and soup bones, and that ought to be jolly. —B. B.

Dobbs

Coastwise Fashions

FOR THE

Summer Season

Beach togs from Dobbs will add a dash to your appearance whether you choose to swim like a mermaid . . . or bask indolently in the sun.

An attractive washable pajama of novelty printed silk. In several color combinations. Sizes 34 to 40. 35.00

Three-piece jersey swimming ensemble in a number of smart new color combinations. Sizes 34 to 40. 27.50

Colorful hand painted wooden clogs. 4.50

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

Look into the TRUTH MIRROR

. . . and "see yourself as others see you"

WHEN you apply lipstick, rouge or face powder and look into an ordinary mirror you do *not* see yourself as others see you.

For ordinary mirrors—because they are made of common window-glass—have a greenish hue which makes them incapable of reflecting a true color-image.

That is why so many women—unknowingly—use wrong cosmetic shades. That is why, too, every woman should use an Ann Zell Truth Mirror*—the one mirror that reflects an *absolutely true* color-image, because it is actually a crystal-white optically ground lens.

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Ann Zell Truth Mirrors are mounted as carefully and beautifully as a jewel. Backs and handles may be had in many designs and colors. Various sizes—from the dainty purse mirrors to the large six inch boudoir mirrors.

Ann Zell TRUTH MIRRORS

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, MAY 14

NOBODY knows exactly how it happens, but there comes a moment when the ordinary Londoner opens his eyes one fine spring morning and is aware that the season has begun. It may be the opening of the Covent Garden opera, or the private-view day of the Royal Academy, or the return of the King and Queen from Windsor. Myself, I think it is the first day when the sun is hot enough to bring out that peculiar smell in Bond Street, that exhilarating and subtle blend of tar and orris root, petrol fumes and flowers.

THIS should be an amusing season, for the King is well again, and the Prince is back after that meteoric journey during which he breakfasted on his liner at Marseille and took tea with his father and mother on the edge of Virginia Water in Windsor Park. It is also the first long-dress and elbow-length-glove season since the days of Victoria. The way in which all of us have gone Victorian is really quite astonishing. A remarkable number of new broughams and victorias and barouches are spanking along the roads. The other day I beheld an amazing equipage of blue and yellow with immense C-springs, with a coachman in blue and yellow and a cockaded silk hat, and a gentleman inside who called at a shop, carrying a bulldog with a blue and yellow coat. The coaches are reappearing as well. The tallyho which J. J. Astor used to drive from London to Dorking may be seen any morning clattering down Piccadilly on the same old journey, with a great jingling of harness and tooting of the horn. It is a good sight. At Covent Garden the other night I saw an extraordinary display of crinoline dresses, lorgnons, jet ornaments, long black gloves, ringlets, sloping shoulders, and drooping mustaches. Can it be that Noel Coward has done this to us?

THE Royal Academy has come in for more than its usual share of contumely this year. We had grown accustomed to the perennial contempt in which it was held by all really great artists. These contemptuous Olympians

SKINLESS SANDWICHES

Sandwiches aren't born with waxed wrappers—the wrappers are products of environment. They are unnecessary at the Blue Kitchens where your sandwich is made to order, from fresh ingredients, to your own individual taste. You can have salmon, jelly and onion combination and see if we care!

Blue Kitchens

14 to choose from.

For instance: When shopping,

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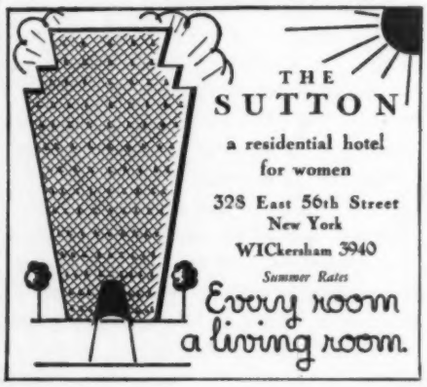

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long ago ceased to submit their work, perhaps to guard against the possibility of refusal, but in this year of grace the summer exhibition has roused a storm of abuse which is the more confusing in that Augustus John, Orpen, and Sickart, our three greatest artists, are all exhibiting. David Jagger, of whom great things were hoped—he did the Artillery memorial at Hyde Park Corner—has also gone over to the enemy, with a pink-and-blue portrait of the Queen.

A special exhibition of rejected pictures is being arranged in Chelsea. This should be interesting, and if the pictures are bad enough, it may encourage the Olympians at all events to have a try at the Academy shows. It may be that their masterpieces would be accepted. Until they are submitted, it seems unfair to blame the Academy for ignoring them.

A GREAT effort is being made to get ahead with the project of the Thames Riviera. This is one of our hardy annuals, an island off the coast of Hampton Court which suffers from the unromantic appellation of Tagg's Island. Every year an ocean of money is poured into this place in an effort to attract the timid Londoner. It has an elaborate ballroom, artificial sunlight for bathing and tennis after dark, and a real sandy beach, tons of sand being specially transported at intervals at terrifying expense.

People are rather frightened of it. It began as the Karsino, and the pictures in the papers of well-known actresses dancing in the magnificent ballroom in bathing suits made the family man somewhat nervous. Cars are transported on a ferry, and a few years ago a saloon car with five people ran off the end and drowned them before they could open the doors. The place was a failure. Then Prince's Restaurant took it over. More sand, more artificial sunlight. People would not go. Now the optimistic Mr. Bundy renames it the Thames Riviera, imports fresh sand, and installs an electric ferry. He hopes to get famous tennis players to play at two in the morning, and famous actresses to dance in the ballroom in their bathing suits.

THE fact of the matter is, London does not take kindly to this sort of thing. It is still looking askance at the bathing pavilion going up on the shores of the Serpentine. As the building is not yet finished, women are not allowed; but Miss Desirée Ellinger, the well-

LIU
(PRONOUNCED LYOU)

Liu is the unforgettable, new perfume of that great dynasty of perfumers, the family Guerlain.

With what words can we describe it truly? With none, alas, for its charm is to the senses, not to the ears or to the brain! But, smart women of Paris are this year choosing it as their own—for women au courant with Paris know that no more lovely perfume has been made!

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GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

GUERLAIN'S POWDER IS AVAILABLE IN FIVE LOVELY SHADES

GUERLAIN'S LIPSTICKS HAVE A REPUTATION INTERNATIONAL

Thirty Dollars

These are
DULL DAYS FOR
STOCKINGS

Dull finished hosiery now attends all the sparkling functions. Fashion has decreed that lusterless silk hosiery is smart.

To keep these stockings dull when they wish to shine, is a job for Silk-Eze. Silk-Eze is the new beauty soap for silk, rayon, elastic and wool. It washes out dirt softly and quickly. It keeps in these fibres all the original qualities which makes them lovely. If the original finish is soft and lusterless, Silk-Eze preserves it. If the original finish has a sheen, Silk-Eze keeps that sheen on the fabric through many washings.

Silk-Eze is economical and easy to use. A tablespoon full to a bowlful of water (about a gallon) will wash up to five pounds of lingerie, stockings, gloves and sweaters. No rubbing with Silk-Eze. It washes thoroughly and gently so the evil day of a ladder run is postponed. Neither will it roughen or redden your hands.

Buy Silk-Eze today. Try it tomorrow and you'll use it for evermore.

SILK-EZE Corp.
441 D STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

25c

On the hosiery counter of the better Department Stores.

known actress, swam there the other morning, and was arrested by a policeman and carried to her car in a wet bathing suit, while the cameras clicked. This may kill the Serpentine Lido. The citizen of this town prefers a row of footlights between his actresses and himself. He is not keen on *Nacktkultur*.

Imagine, then, his horror and shock to discover that, in his very midst, the most respectable suburb of Upper Norwood was harboring an establishment where young men and women were indulging in sunbathing and gymnastics in the German manner. The place is run in a very sincere way; you may go there only with your parents, your children, your wife, or your fiancée. All the same, a howl of indignation resounds. The fair name of Upper Norwood is besmirched. I doubt, however, if sunbathing will ever be a real menace in this country. There is so little sun.

SO Luigi is dead; and since Luigi is dead London has lost one of its most distinguished figures. The imperturbable maître d'hôtel of the Embassy Club, he was the chief exponent of that new school of headwaiting which prefers polite condescension to deference. If you asked him the secret of his success, his reply was always the same: "Low ceilings, no ventilation, and not enough room to dance."

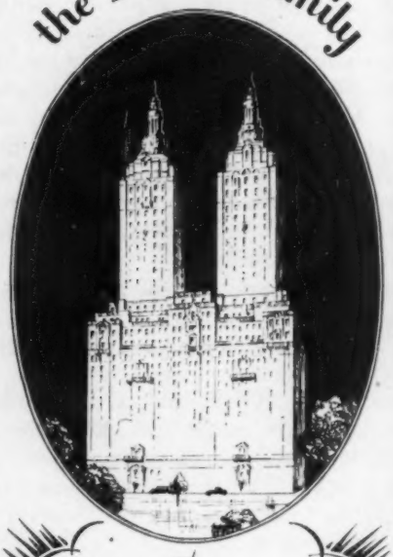
Luigi came to London as one of the staff gathered by M. Romano of the famous restaurant in the Strand, where he waited on such legendary men-about-town as "Dicky the Driver" and Lord Ailesbury, who was known to everybody from the Gaiety Theatre westward as "Billy Stomachache." He proceeded via Ciro's and the Criterion to the little Embassy Club in Bond Street, which he converted in one week into the most consistently aristocratic night club London has ever known. Many stories are told about him, but the most typical, perhaps, is of the man who said: "Luigi, what's the matter with your *saumon fumé* tonight?" "What, sair," he retorted suavely, "is the matter with your palate?"—A. G.

•

Newland De Pauw Knight is to be married Tuesday night, April 22, to Miss Virginia B. Voyles of New Albany, Indiana. While a student at Culver Military Academy, Knight massaged the feet and ankles of Princess Ileana of Roumania to revive her after she had fainted. We wish to congratulate Mr. Knight on his marriage.—*From house organ of the Central Trust Company of Illinois.*

That's the least one could do.

Planned for the Entire Family



The
SAN REMO
The Aristocrat of Central Park West
SEVENTY-FOURTH to SEVENTY-FIFTH STREET
Built by the builders of THE BERESFORD

EACH one, from the head of the house to the youngest child, will find many conveniences and appointments to make living here in the San Remo thoroughly enjoyable.

FOR THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE: The comfort of an uncrowded home overlooking the Park. Wood-burning fireplaces. Glass enclosed showers. Bathrooms with plenty of elbow room

FOR THE HOSTESS: Impressive entrance-galleries. Living-rooms with ceilings a foot higher than the average. Terraces with slate floors. Colored tile bath rooms. Chambers with dressing rooms. Excellent decorative possibilities.

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER: Kitchens tiled to the ceiling, fitted with modern conveniences including exhaust fan and all metal cabinets. German silver pantry sinks. More than enough closets—and generous ones.

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS: Directly opposite is Central Park where they may play or ride. Convenient to the city's finest private schools.

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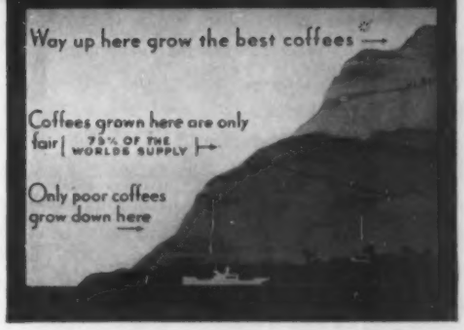
Came the CLIMAX

IT HAD been a good dinner, but not especially eventful. . .Then came the critical moment. The arrival of the coffee. . . .Its rich, mellow fragrance filled the room. The honored guest cocked a calculating, half-dubious eyebrow. Took a thoughtful sip. Then he beamed over his cup! Warmest cordiality replaced his tired politeness of a moment before.

She was not surprised. She had seen her coffee charm sterner men than he. But she was particularly pleased to see it happen tonight. *This* guest's good will meant so much to her husband. An important client of his firm.

Certainly, she thought, there *is* an added something in the flavor of Beech-Nut Coffee. Difficult to describe but unmistakable. Decidedly she was glad she had served Beech-Nut Coffee tonight!


Way up here grow the best coffees
Coffees grown here are only fair
75% OF THE WORLD'S SUPPLY
Only poor coffees grow down here

Beech-Nut Coffee really is unusual. Blended from precious mountain-grown varieties—very difficult-to-get—it has a richness and individual flavor all its own. Besides, it always reaches your kitchen absolutely fresh, because it's vacuum-packed.

Beech-Nut Coffee

RARE FLAVOR FROM TROPIC HEIGHTS

Always fresh
Vacuum packed

TANGEE

Color Magic for the Lips!

How innocent Tangee looks in its modest gunmetal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

For *this* is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, heals and protects.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crème Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. N-3
417 Fifth Avenue New York
Name.....
Address.....

NOT MORE PERFECT THAN HIS FELLOWS

A LETTER TO
MESSRS. W. AND L. TOWNSEND

DEAR SIRS:

MAY I offer a rather belated word of appreciation for the really marvellous work you have done in "The Biography of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales"? This is a book no American should miss. Some of us have perhaps had the idea that a royal prince was mysteriously different from the rest of us ordinary, titleless humans and that his subjects looked up to him with worshipful awe as a superior being. But you, who are Englishmen, make it so plain that this is merely our mistake, in fact, just so much hooey!

Your very first sentence is significant of your refreshing attitude toward the subject: "This is the tapestry of a Prince's life. From the single thread of a birth we are going to weave for you a masterpiece of colour. . . ." With what beautiful simplicity that sets the keynote of what is coming. But even more specific is your promise to tell us a simple, unbiased, straightforward story of the life of Edward P, as he signs himself:

In this biography of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales it will be our aim not to add more gilt to the already glistening halo of romance . . . nor to present His Royal Highness as a Prince Charming, but as a very human young man, not more perfect than his fellows, or possessed of more than the average number of virtues to be found in a clean-living, sport-loving young Englishman. . . .

And how tactfully you lead us by the hand through the maze of royal family relationships! Naturally only those privileged to be born on the soil of the British Empire can be expected to remember—for more than a paragraph at a time—that the Prince's father was not king at the time of Edward's birth. I really think you must have had us Americans specially in mind on page 16 in the account of the arrival of the royal infant: ". . . the Duke of York (now King George V) paced restlessly in the large booklined room. . . ." and, in the next paragraph, "It was then that His Royal Highness the Duke of York (afterwards H. M. King George V) realized that his son would, in the long years to come, reign over the vast Empire. . . ." And again, on the following page, another member of the royal family, "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (soon to be King Ed-

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THE WYANDOTTE
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Good living, golf and all summer sports. Complete rest and fine recreation. Write for particulars. GEORGE KREAMER, *Mgr.*

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ward VII) . . ." Thank you so much for those parentheses, dear Messrs. W. and L. Townsend. A little thing perhaps, but it shows a mighty kindly, helpful spirit on your part.

As we read on we find a wealth of incidents and instances which show how true are your words about the Prince being "a very human young man." To quote one of many: "He cast off much of the reserve which had naturally enveloped him in Paris and laughed merrily as he cut into his birthday cake at tea-time. . . ."

And how every sentence bears witness to the conscientious carrying out of your "aim not to add more gilt to the already glistening halo of romance," as you so aptly put it in your introduction:

With wonderful self-possession he [Prince Edward in Paris, page 93] conversed with other guests who came up to him, though he admitted to the Marquis that he was very conscious of his shortcomings as a conversationalist. Surely no Prince had ever voiced such a frank admission of his faults before! . . .

After arduous practice at 'soccer' [Oxford, page 102] and receiving many hard knocks, Prince Edward won a place in the Magdalen second team. How must some fortunate men to-day recollect with a smile the time when they splashed mud over the good-humoured Heir to the Throne in one of the inevitable collisions round the home goal-mouth! . . .

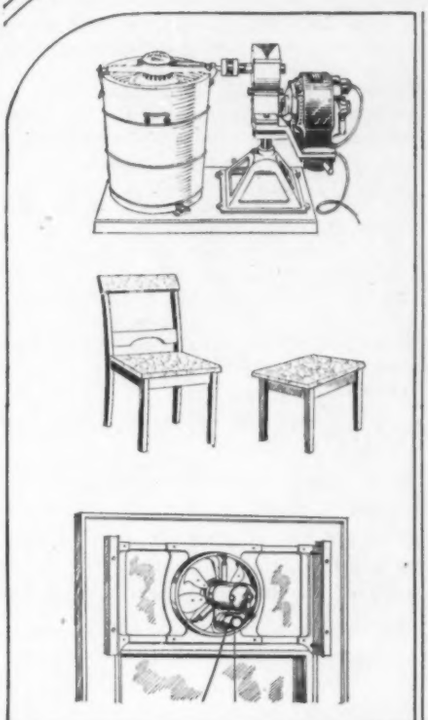
While on the Clyde the Prince associated freely with the workers, as he had done with the soldiers in France. . . . He took a keen interest in all he saw, and when a naval gun was being tempered with oil, inquired what kind of oil was being used. . . .

When in the farming districts [South African tour, page 245] he was able to discourse with keen intelligence upon the various problems of agriculture. He impressed the common-sense farmers very much by his comment that he knew farming was not done by sitting on the stoep and waiting for the mealies to grow. . . .

As a rule, H.R.H. has a horror of appearing different from other men, but in the matter of dress he can carry uncommon fashions (before they are imitated) with perfect ease and shows no embarrassment on those occasions when he happens to be dressed differently from his companions. On one occasion when he was attending a banquet . . . the Prince of Wales was the only person present who wore a flower in his buttonhole. It would have been quite an easy matter for him to remove it without notice, but the Prince preferred to follow his own fancy and the blossom graced his lapel throughout the function. . . . Once the Prince of Wales rose to dance with a cigarette between his lips, and for a moment everyone thought that this was the introduction of a modern fashion. But it was a mistake on the Prince's part, of course; a mistake for which he apologized, and instantly corrected. . . .

It is a little disappointing to learn

SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray
AT
LEWIS & CONGER



THE Electric Ice Cream Freezer politely cranks itself. I just put in the mixture, pack with ice and turn on the current. In a few minutes the ice cream is ready to serve—and velvet smooth and luscious it is, too. Our White Mountain freezer is the 2-qt. size. $60.00. Other sizes are: 3-qt., $65.00; 4-qt., $70.00

•

SEA PEARL bathroom things dress up a bathroom in the jolliest fashion! I have a chair and a stool in this shimmering, pearly finish. For all it is so dainty, sea pearl doesn't crack, chip or lose its luscious color. White enameled Chair with sea pearl seat and back, in green, rose or blue, $17.50; white enameled Stool with sea pearl top, $10.50

•

MY Kitchen Ventilator keeps not only the kitchen but the whole house free of cooking odors. It shoos out the delicate fragrance of corned beef and cabbage, cauliflower, fish and all such things. It's an electric fan arrangement in a glass and metal frame that is set in at the top of the window. One tug of the cord, and out stream the odors; another tug, and in whirls cool air. $75.00. City installation, $7.00

ONE thing about the Ping Pong Table—it keeps the young folks at home and out of mischief. In fact, all the young people of the neighborhood come over to our house for Ping Pong. The Table has folding legs and a hinged top. The courts are outlined in white on a green ground. Ours is 5 x 9 ft., $35.00. A smaller size, 4 x 8 ft., is $30.00

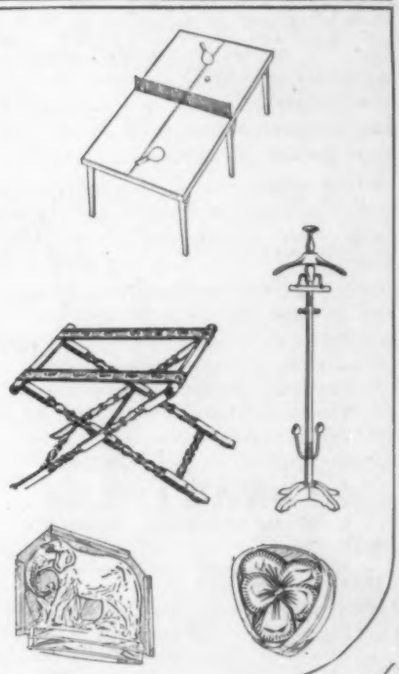
•

THE Luggage Stand holds bags at a comfortable height for packing. And it's a great saver of chairs and bedspreads. When not needed it can be folded up. These Stands come in solid mahogany, walnut or maple. $9.75

THE Guest Rack is another week-end guest blessing. It has hangers, shoe trees and pegs. Mine's mahogany finish. You can also get them in walnut or ivory finish. $15.00

•

IT'S rather fun to serve ice cream in fancy shapes, and I've just bought two shiny new tin moulds for that very purpose. One is a waggish-looking elephant. He holds 2½ pints. $10.50. The other is a big pansy-shaped mould, 3 pints, $7.50



Janet Gray

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She does not believe in massaging. Her methods are utterly unique. And her results speak eloquently for themselves in the faces of many of New York's most prominent women.

Before leaving town for the summer, permit Casnati to microscopically analyze your complexion needs. Or if your skin looks young and normal but requires protection and beautifying . . . call or send for her perfect summer trio.

Emirante — supreme cleanser and tonic. Small, 3.00; large, 5.00.
Creme Pénétrante—nourishes tissues of face and neck. Small, 3.00; large, 4.50.
Cypris—foundation milk. Beautifier for every skin. Small, 3.00; large, 5.00.

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LOLA CASNATI
75 East 55th Street, (Bet. Park-Madison)
Please send me your special skin questionnaire. Also the items checked:
1 Emirante, large size ☐ small ☐
1 Creme Pénétrante, large ☐ small ☐
1 Cypris, large size ☐ small size ☐
Enclosed you will find my check for $____
Signed_____
Address_____

that the Prince of Wales has apparently not inherited his grandfather's love of jokes. We Americans, thank God, have our sense of humor and so we can appreciate that of the late King Edward as you expound it in your biography of his grandson:

King Edward enjoyed himself to the full at Marlborough House and had a particular joke to play upon his visitors. His library, which was by no means a small one, usually took the interest of his guests, and the King invariably drew their attention to one particular section. Here were some particularly choice specimens of literature, apparently bound in calf and richly ornamented with gold. Some of the titles which looked out from the shelves were "Lady Godiva on the Horse," "Constable's Notes on Motoring," "Rules of Bridge," "Idols of the King" (*sic*), and many other titles which were so tempting that the visitors were compelled to take down a book and glance through its contents. The King thoroughly enjoyed the joke when his guests took books down from the shelves, only to find that they were not volumes at all, but dummies!

The Prince of Wales's sense of humour does not lie on such practical grounds, however, and it is not likely that similar incidents to this will take place during his residence. . . .

Certainly, dear Messrs. W. and L. Townsend, you have drawn a wonderfully faithful portrait of your Prince and convinced us that he is "not more perfect than his fellows." It is your own sincere, genuine belief which makes your book so conclusive. All who read it must surely echo your remark on page 255:

Comparisons are odious and in bad taste, but an Englishman can be forgiven for asking: "Where is there another Prince like him?" . . .

And where, we ask, are there nurses like those who attended the birth of Edward, thirty-odd years ago? "Nurses *glided* rather than walked through the corridors," you tell us. Ours won't even use rollerskates, let alone these newfangled gliders!

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

•

THE DOG

Dog and his tail forever spell
Interrogation. It is well.
Dog and his tail are here to slow
Man's indefinite search for woe.
Tail, that wobbling bit of truce,
Surely has an occult use;
Without that same the pup would be
Half of a monstrosity.
He's canonized and made far-seeing
By this appendage of his being.

—LAURA BENÉT

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

"Aren't Janyce and Burt going away this summer?" pried Mrs. B. Hamilton Rutledge. "No." ▲▲ "Really? The poor dears." ▲▲ "Don't pity them," sighed Mrs. Chauncey Smythe, "envy them instead. They live at 205 East 78th St."

◆ ◆ ◆

Don't envy—emulate! See the **one to six room** suites at 205 East 78th Street, with free General Electric refrigeration, free gas, open fireplaces, full-length mirrors. Where else can such lovely, sunny yet cool rooms be obtained **at rentals so amazingly nominal?** Agent on premises daily and Sunday

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12 EAST 44TH STREET — MURRAY HILL 1100

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Leases for Desirable Suites (immediate or October Occupancy) can now be consummated. Full Hotel Service.

RHINELANDER 1690

A Charming After-Theatre INNOVATION
Miss ANN GREENWAY
Scintillating Singing Star
Direct from Palm Beach
—AND—
THE FOUR ORIGINAL
YACHT CLUB BOYS
Nightly from 10 to Dawn at the
Salon Royal
310 WEST 58th STREET, N. Y.

THE OARSMEN

A Gallery of Coaches

ROWING coaches differ in their methods of teaching as much as they do in the strokes they teach. Perhaps more so, for a good many of the strokes used today bear a strong resemblance to one another. Coaches will tell you that there really isn't a pure "Glendon" or "Washington" stroke. The style changes each season to fit the new crew, and most of all to suit the man in the stroke-oar position. The coaches, however, remain pretty much the same from year to year.

ON board a coaching launch, Ed Leader of Yale is the most arresting figure of the lot. It is often difficult to concentrate on the crew, for it is generally more fun to watch Leader. He stands erect in the forward cockpit, his metal megaphone lying along the gunwale, gripped by one huge hand. When he talks to the crew, he leans down to the megaphone, like a dog worrying a bone, and his body twists in an agony of effort to get out all the words at once. He might be absolutely alone in the launch, for he never notices anyone except the the man steering it. Quite frequently he forgets time altogether and has to be gently reminded that night is at hand and it might be better to head home. His voice is hard, like his huge body, but its pitch varies constantly, so it is never monotonous; and at each workout he is usually good for at least one picturesque and memorable phrase.

THE Glendons, father and son, are strikingly similar. Years ago the senior Glendon borrowed a midshipman's blue-and-white fatigue hat from one of his charges at Annapolis. He hasn't returned it yet. Each day, turned down at the front and up at the back, whether the wind is strong or light, the hat goes out with him to help with the coaching. Usually there is a long oilskin coat too.

With his eyes habitually narrowed against the glare of the water, he stands erect up forward during the entire workout. His big megaphone usually rests its wide end on the deck and provides, with its mouthpiece, a rest for his folded hands. Very seldom is it brought into play. As the

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launch glides forward, his chin juts out a bit, until he begins to look like a figurehead on an old sailing ship. For a time he will look away from the crew, apparently oblivious of it. Then, having fixed something in his mind, he will look back again.

His son at Columbia wears a cap instead of the midshipman's hat and as a rule is chewing gum, but quite often he too squints down his nose at the weather, his eyes puckered by the breeze. He also stands on his launch, with a slight swaying motion, as though riding the deck of a deep-sea vessel. He talks as little as his father.

When the boys come in, whether at Columbia or at Annapolis, they gather informally around their coach and ask questions. They are answered in a low Cape Cod drawl, always with good humor and always with the utmost calm, even on the day before a regatta. No one has ever seen the Glendons excited.

LITTLE Ky Ebright of California wears an immense cap to shield his eyes, and spectacles rest on the end of his nose a good part of the time. He works, during Poughkeepsie weeks, in shirtsleeves—often colored silk, and buttoned at the wrists. Things never seem to be going satisfactorily. On the float, after a workout, he seems dwarfed by the huge Westerners he is handling—until he barks out an order.

EXCEPT in wet weather, Rusty Callow comes aboard his coaching launch at Pennsylvania dressed as though he had just left his office in a downtown business firm. Quite often he has a stiff collar on. The voice that comes through his megaphone is quiet and encouraging, and sometimes pleading. But not always; there are times when the smile is completely hidden, for he has found a temper since he came East. Often, however, he creates the proper atmosphere of anxiety by simply removing his felt hat slowly and scratching his reddish hair with puzzled despair.

JIM WRAY of Cornell takes you into his confidence. He is ready to ask any visitor for an opinion. It is not on record, though, how much of this advice he takes.

Wray is one of the few coaches who still demonstrate what they want by taking up an oar themselves. Instead of merely sitting in the stern of a pair when he has a man out tubbing, he jumps into the boat, golf knickers and

MRS. PARK AVENUE HOBBS IS HAPPY

Yachting this weekend, she knows she looks her best in the tricky white silk sport dress from the Alice Lent Shop on Macdougal Alley. And that isn't all . . . her dress cost less, much less than she could duplicate it for uptown. No wonder she's happy!

Wouldn't you like one of these sport dresses for Decoration Day weekend?

ALICE LENT SHOP

1 Macdougal Alley

(Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues three doors south of Eighth Street)

New York City

DOUBLE DATE

For popular girls who do everything on the run. Night and Day Cream in one. Twenty-four hour beauty work reduced to 4 minutes. At night—skin food, refiner, gentle bleach—no party circles under the eyes. In the morning—grand make-up foundation—no shiny nose.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY · LASTS 6 MONTHS

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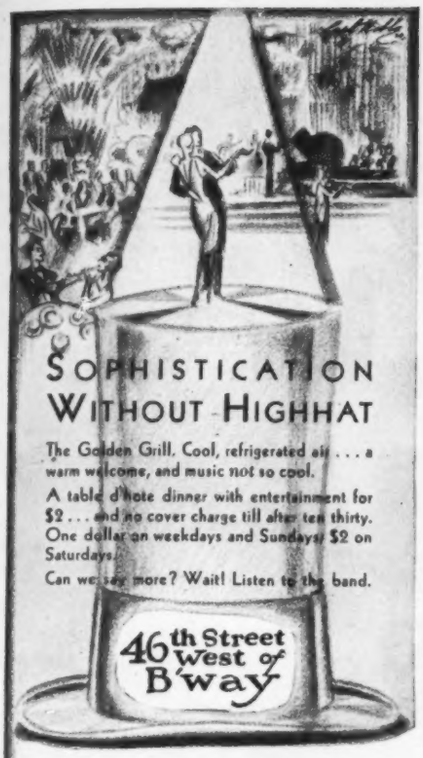
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all, and often pulls his pupil around in circles. Now and again he even climbs into an eight and rows for a while to get the feel of it.

Aboard a launch, he will sit in the front cockpit and peer over the rim of the deck. His megaphone is never still. When he isn't speaking through it, he is twisting it around. He never shouts; he always talks to his men in a low, confiding tone, as though he were letting them in on secrets.

EARLY in the year, Jim Ten Eyck plays at being a coxswain again. He is seventy-nine years old and has coached at Syracuse for more than a quarter-century, but he still rides the cox's seat of his new freshman crew for the first few weeks of every season. Having started them in the right way, he then goes aboard his launch and follows all his crews up and down the Seneca River. Syracuse crews learn to row by rowing. They will sometimes go for almost eight miles without a break and without a word from the old man.

Grizzled and thin-featured, with just a slight stoop to his shoulders, Ten Eyck sits silently perched on the gunwale of his boat looking for all the world like an ancient brooding eagle.

IF Ten Eyck is a grandfather of rowing, then Bill Haines at M. I. T. is an uncle. Vast and benign, mustachioed and ruddy-cheeked, the old British oarsman looks in his launch as though he ought to be riding across country wearing a pink coat.

THE three youngsters of rowing are at Washington, Wisconsin, and Princeton: Al Ulbrickson at Washington, tall and serious, the best stroke Callow ever had out there; Chuck Logg at Princeton, blond and methodical; and Mike Murphy at Wisconsin, gay and confident after his years of success handling Yale's freshmen under Leader. —R. F. K.

•

BEHIND THE TIMES

I flush with shame that I am stirred
So slightly by Rear Admiral Byrd.
But I have very little use
For all this wealth of Polar news.

Don't you agree it's dull to have your
Every Sunday's rotogravure
Such an everlasting mint
Of sights so very fit to print?

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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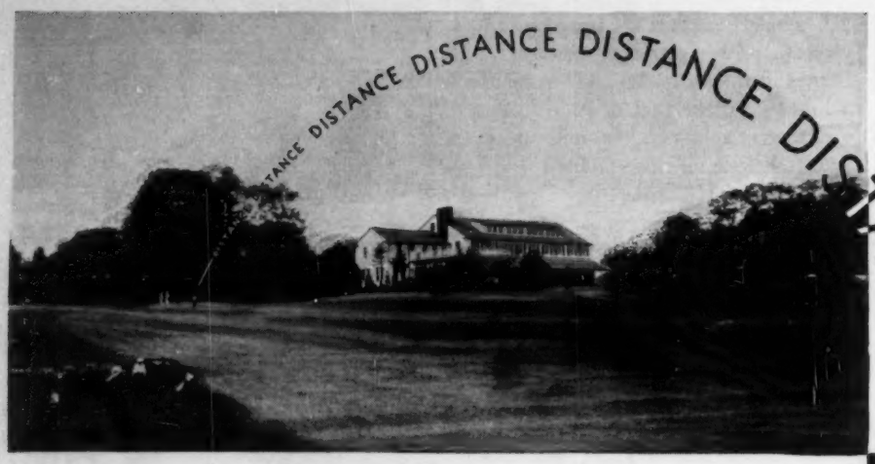

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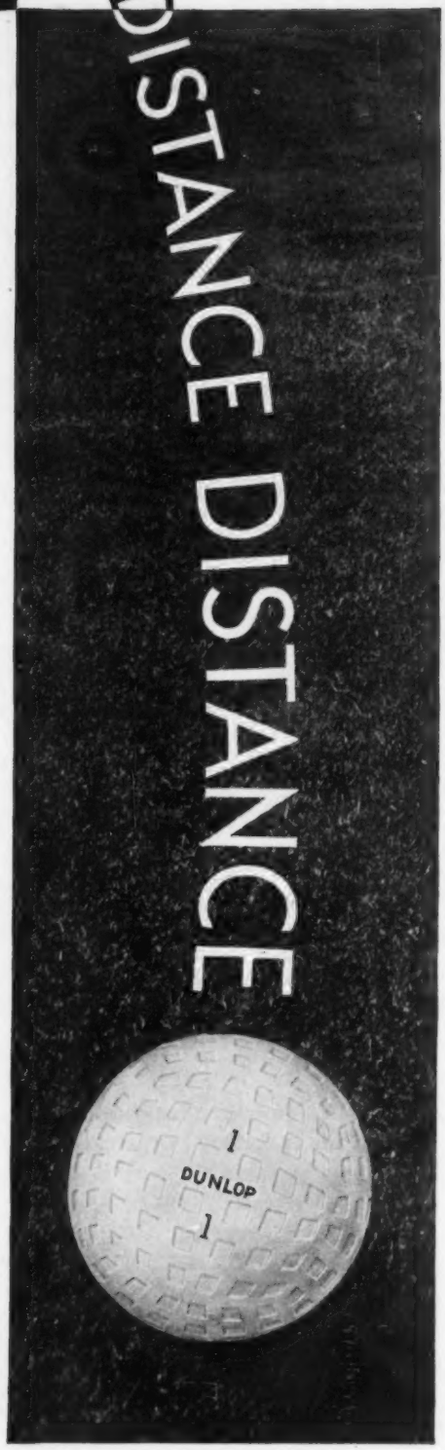


THE RACE TRACK

Belmont in the Rain — Balko Splashes Down the Toboggan—Gallant Fox Again

MY old friend the umbrella-maker, who is a confirmed backer of past performances, always puts a ring around the date of the opening of Belmont Park. Last Thursday the faithful, to whom the opening of the Jockey Club's headquarters is a social occasion—though the Old Guard maintains it isn't the same without the Metropolitan Handicap—came with raincoats, mackintoshes, and umbrellas to tramp through the paddock and go into huddles under the stand. The coming of another spring has made the course more like the park Mr. Widener has promised it will be. The hedge of trees that frames the track on the backstretch and turn is greener and thicker, the infield is more like a lawn, and the shrubs and the flower bed that border the lake are brighter—but soap and water would do wonders for the chairs in the enclosures.

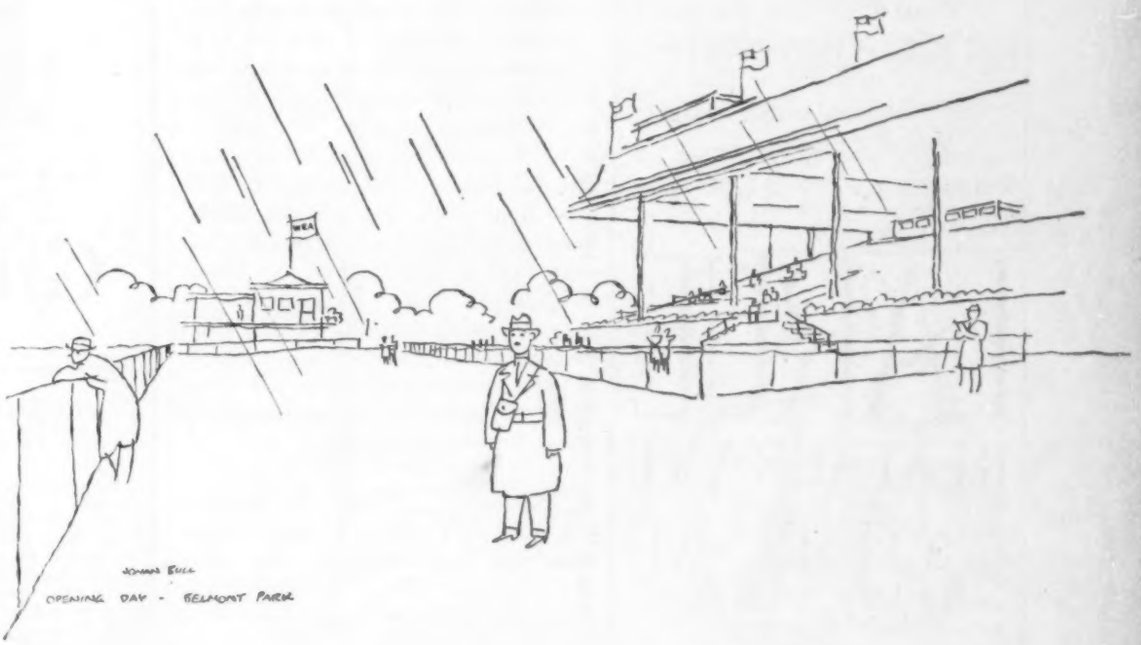
In spite of the absentees in Kentucky, it was the old opening-day gathering: Bob Gerry watching George Odom saddling the first winner of the meeting for Marshall Field. . . . Henry Higginson wrapped up in the bluest polka-dot muffler. . . . George Widener doing the honors. . . . Larry Waterbury without umbrella or raincoat. . . . Harry Sinclair in conference with his trainer. . . . Tom Healey with as many yes-men as a movie director. . . . Ambrose Clark wearing his pearl-gray bowler that has seen at least eight Grand Nationals. . . . Clifford Cochran taking the stewards' elevator. . . . Joe Davis picking jumpers. . . . G. Herbert Walker rooting for Laufjunge. . . . Charlie Schwartz taking an afternoon off from polo. . . .And the young man with the yellow chamois spats and gloves, and a stick to match.

BEFORE the Toboggan Handicap there was a deal of running about inspecting the runners, for the eleven were scattered all over the paddock, but there was only one horse in the running of the race, Mrs. Charlie Amory's Balko. There was nothing really brilliant or electrifying about his victory; it merely was the showing of a good horse and a fit one. The black colt was lightly treated by the handicapper and, racing clear of interference all the way, splashed home a winner by three lengths. High Strung was the villain of the piece, causing turmoil at the barrier and in the end getting his just deserts with Flying Heels nosing him out of second money. Gifford Cochran's colt ran a smashing race for a first effort of the season, but paid dearly. He was quite badly kicked and will be on the shelf for weeks. I was surprised to see Osmand accept the issue in the Toboggan, for he is at a disadvantage in the mud. Stripped, he was a beautiful horse, but when it came to running he was quite out of it. With an eye to the future, I recommend Petee-Wrack. Six furlongs is much too short for him, but he was putting in some useful work through the last furlong.

GALLANT FOX won the Kentucky Derby, as I thought he would—but I refuse to gloat.

A few days before the running of the Preakness, William Woodward said to me, "How I wish those two races were over!" I believe he had some intention of not running his colt in Kentucky, to reserve him for the Belmont Stakes, but he realized that the time to win with a horse is when it is really tuned up and at its best. So often owners and trainers map out programs for horses instead of letting the horses themselves order the procedure. Now the son of Sir Gallahad III has two fifty-thousand-dollar purses to his credit.

Other interests kept me at Belmont Park last weekend, so I heard the Kentucky Derby over the radio—and I was particularly fascinated by Graham McNamee's description of the furlong and sixteenth poles. I don't know whether the National Broadcasting Company has any rules against referring to betting odds, but it seems to me some millions of us would have liked to know the Fox's pay-off price, particularly since Lord Derby informed us he had backed the winner. Clem McCarthy did a good job broadcasting the race, though I thought I was



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at Bowie again when I heard "... and Gallant Knight is coming up fast on the outside." When Sande slipped Gallant Fox into the lead halfway down the backstretch, it reminded me ever so much of his victory with Flying Ebony. On Zev he went to the front at the rise of the barrier. It is Sande's way to get home in a hurry at Churchill Downs. As in the Preakness, Gallant Fox was in close quarters in the early running. After that, horse and rider had little to do.

TANNERY, High Foot, and the other Kentucky hopes were utterly routed in the Derby. Incidentally Tom Shaw told me a day or two before the race that he stood to lose a quarter of a million dollars if Tannery won, but that he was not worried—much. You see, he had laid 100–1 for a thousand to the colt's owner, and considerably more at shorter odds.

I saw Tannery win his first race, at Miami, the winter before last. There is, I believe, an unwritten law of the turf to the effect that the form of a two-year-old is the property of the owner until he runs into the money. Sometimes this is overdone. However, Eddie Prichard knew he had a runner in Tannery, but on the afternoon in question did not bet on his horse, intending to wait for another day. Nevertheless, a well, but not favorably, known betting agent in the clubhouse did wager several thousand on the colt. Then he went to the stewards and, showing them his rating of Tannery and a record of the colt's trials, but making no mention of his own wager, assured them the horse was going to be pulled. The stewards, unconscious cat's-paws, summoned the rider of Tannery and told him they would rule him off if he did not win. He did, by ten lengths.

LAST Saturday afternoon, at Belmont Park, we saw Snowflake confirm her Preakness form—she had been third to Gallant Fox and Crack Brigade—in the Ladies' Handicap. That charming and fast young lady ran away from all the others. But W. J. Salmon, her owner, was out in Kentucky, so he missed the satisfaction of seeing her win so smartly.

SIX weeks ago I predicted in these notes that Harry Whitney's Equipoise was a two-year-old well above the average. He won the Keene Memorial Stakes as though he were a racehorse in the making. The Brook-

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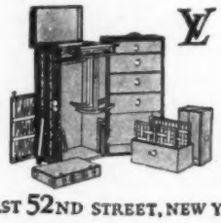

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dale Farm two-year-olds have been giving quite a good account of themselves at the meeting so far: Zelide and Panasette running one and two on the second day, and Rideaway and Fervor finishing one and three in the final race last Saturday. Fervor, a big colt by Broomstick and Rapture, is considered one of the best in the stable, though Rideaway beat him easily.

IN the Coligny Purse, Bangle and Jolly Roger ran the prettiest race through the field I have seen in years. Although both were making their first start of the season, they went stride for stride most of the two miles and finished heads apart. Those who took Mr. Vosburgh's tip profited, for the handicapper made Bangle give Jolly Roger fifteen pounds in the International Steeplechase, whereas in the Coligny, a conditions event, Jolly Roger gave Bangle five.

Bangle was well ridden by Pat Donoghue, son of England's "Come on, Steve!" and it was his first victory since coming over here to ride for Victor Emanuel. Pat rides with the short stirrups and crouch seat affected by English steeplechase riders, and balances well, but, more than this, he is also a good judge of pace and a strong finisher.

THE Honourable George is quite at home now at Belmont Park. He has acquired a hat that is the twin of Ned Potter's, and a new split-second watch. He tells me that Whichone will make his first start of the season in the Withers Mile.

And do you know that Sande's contract calls for ten per cent of the purses Gallant Fox wins, and the colt already has won $112,000? . . . And that I wouldn't be surprised if he rode for Lord Derby in England before the season ends? —AUDAX MINOR

•

BERLIN, April 26 (AP)—German fraulein are ardent believers in the lipstick as a medium for enhancing their physical attractiveness. This is gathered from the fact that 1,288,000 pounds of lipsticks are imported into Germany annually.—*The World, April 27.*

BERLIN, April 26 (AP)—With the growing objection of Germany's male element to the once so popular lipstick, France is about to have the source of a large revenue curtailed.—*The World, April 27.*

Wonder what stand the Associated Press is taking on Sunday baseball.

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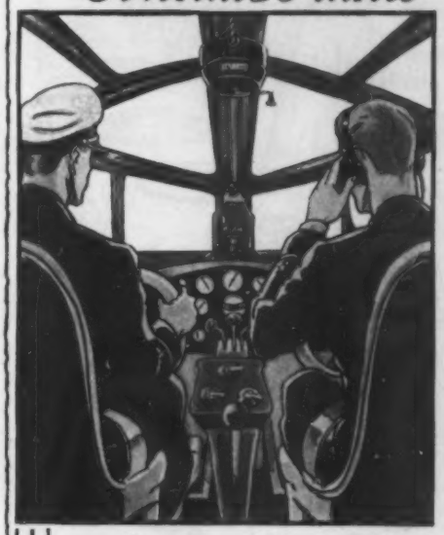

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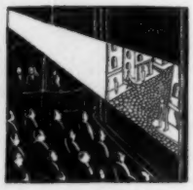
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Doldrums—Starring Miss Spotted Elk—Some Songs and Two Bandits



THESE are indifferent days in the movie world, though there are indications of energy enough. Bancroft and Chevalier and Gary Cooper are favoring us again, and the *haute noblesse* honors us with a special film of its own. It is curious, incidentally, how this last picture has been announced to the public. "The Silent Enemy," produced and photographed by big-game hunters and explorers, amateurs in the motion-picture industry, a picture that is distinctly porphyrogene, has been advertised in the fashion of the commercial thriller as a movie of "beasts fighting for life" and of "men fighting for love." I feel that the grave language of the "educational" film would have been more suitable.

WITH a fragmentary story holding it together, "The Silent Enemy," which is at the Criterion, is an account of the life of the Ojibway Indians, those aborigines of Northern Ontario. Their "enemy" is that hunger which threatens them when winter comes, and they must move north nearer the Arctic Circle in search of the tasty caribou. All the characters, of course, are Indians, and the picture is silent.

Chief Yellow Robe, Chief Long Lance, Chief Akawansh are the leading characters, and a charming young lady, Spotted Elk, provides the delicacy of romance so violently described on the billboards. Miss Elk's performance is all that could be desired. Possibly because they are not so much accustomed to the camera, these Indians seem more self-conscious than the natives of the South Sea Islands or of the African jungle.

The landscape is beautiful. It is obviously loved and understood by those who have taken the picture, and the grand finale when the caribou appear on the horizon and move in apparently endless droves across the frozen plains would prostrate a traffic cop.

TO pass from Chief Akawansh and Spotted Elk to Maurice Chevalier

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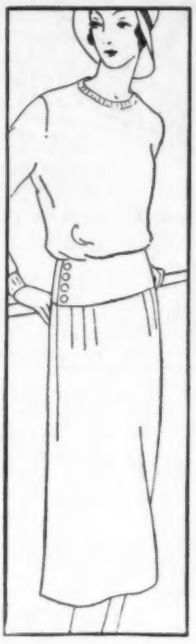

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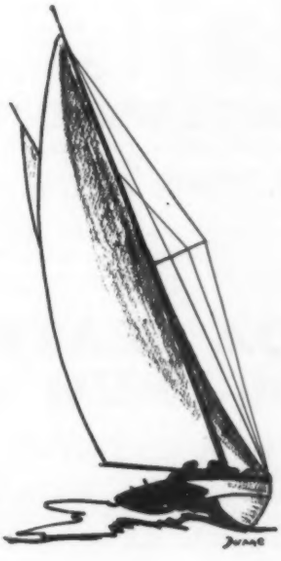
and Claudette Colbert: "The Big Pond," at the Rialto, is the least bit disappointing, possibly because it does not give Chevalier enough opportunities to sing. There are a few songs, of course, but much of the time he is busied playing the part of a young Frenchman who comes to America and "makes good" in the chewing-gum business. Somewhat as a compensation for the moderate trickle of melody, Miss Colbert herself sings, and charmingly.

BIG Chief Bancroft does not sing in "Ladies Love Brutes." However, he does a great deal else to put across the somewhat absurd story of the picture. He is a steelworker who has done much to make our sky line what it is, we understand, and in the heyday of his success he decides to wed a divorcee from the remote and lofty purlieus of society. His method of courtship is drastic—a dubious wooing, I feel (the idea is from a play by Zoë Akins), one bound to get a suitor into hot water; in fact he kidnaps the lady's child in order to be thanked for returning it. Excessive—certainly excessive! In this case, however, it is not successful. The lady decides to give up her "brute" and even to take back her first husband, surprising as that may seem.

THEN there are two more bandit pictures. I think Gary Cooper's "The Texan" is the better of these. It's got one of those good, neat little O. Henry plots, the one about the desperado who passes himself off as the son (whom, in fact, he has shot) of the rich widow. There are nice pictures and one feels at last that the



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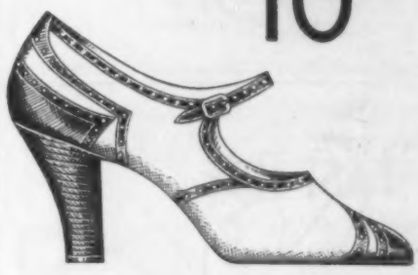

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P. S. After I mailed this ad, I thought it undignified, so I ran after the postman to get it back, but it was too late.

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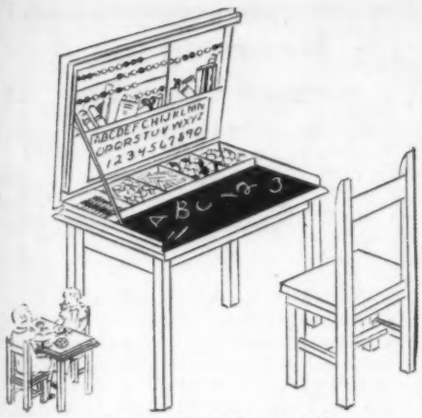

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widow is possibly as well off with Gary as son as she would have been with her real heir, especially as that person had—at the age of ten, we are told—had a mermaid tattooed on his arm, a fancy ominous in one so young.

THE hills and dales of Utah provide the setting for Warner Baxter's "The Arizona Kid," the title referring to an earlier residence of the hero where there was a price ($5,000—if you like figures) on his head. The story is laid back in stagecoach days, when there was often a shooting at cards and when barrooms were entertained by a charming lady in a corner singing "Make me your wife, that's all I ask of you." The story is nonsense, but it is treated with all the reverence nonsense is often accorded.

I HAVEN'T much reverence, none the less, for "Runaway Bride," the underworld notation of the week, but on the other hand I have a bit for the absurd humor, somewhat Eddie Cantor in quality, of Benny Rubin, who is to be seen now in a very maudlin thing called "Sunny Skies." —J. C. M.

•

COMPLAINT

There should be many things to do,
Instead I find there are but few,
And these are always paired by two.

We squander youth till it is spent
Or hoard it; restless or content.
Remember, smiling, or repent.

For one must breathe, or suffocate;
One can act headlong, one can
wait. . . .
It is too soon, or else too late.

A million others hate as I
The last injustice, wondering why
We must grow old, or we must die!

—ANGELA CYPHER

•

STATISTICS DEPARTMENT

136 PLANES PUT ON GREATEST SHOW CITY HAS EVER SEEN—*The Sun.*

CITY SEES 152 WAR PLANES IN THRILLING SKY PAGEANT—*The World.*

150 NAVAL PLANES CIRCLE CITY AS FLEET SWINGS UP HUDSON—*The Evening Post.*

12 SQUADRONS OF NAVY AIRPLANES, 140 SHIPS IN ALL, ZOOMED OVERHEAD—*The Journal.*

154 PLANES FLY OVER NEW YORK—*The Telegram.*

134 PLANES OF BATTLE FLEET AWE CROWDS AS THEY SOAR HIGH OVER CITY IN FORMATION—*The Times.*

cursed with imagination

or damned with faint praise . . . a fluent new yorker's treatment of run-of-broadway movies; but he gives his tongue a rest and his eyes and ears a treat at those cinemas now current at

the criterion

where lo, the poor indian, his friends and enemies are interestingly depicted in paramount's burden picture "the silent enemy"

the rialto

where there's maurice chevalier as the big frog in "the big pond"—paramount's comedy of business-before-pleasure or vice versa

the rivoli—united artists

where there's paramount's "ladies love brutes" in which george bancroft in a rough way seeks a delicate object

the paramounts

where there's paramount's "true to the navy"... with a man in every porthole clara bow has gobs and gobs of "it"... on New York's stage horace heidt and band — in brooklyn rudy vallee still perfumes the air

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POPULAR RECORDS

Two Ladies Sing—Trick Pianism — For Dancing

HELEN KANE returns to the lists in the current Victor releases with "Thank Your Father," that pungent melody from "Flying High," and "I'd Go Barefoot All Winter Long," which probably won't be so celebrated. Miss Kane is cute and winsome in "Thank Your Father," and when she comes to the line referring to paternal intoxication at the time of the historic buggy ride, she sings something about Ma and Pa feeling just right. Evidently, records are being dried up, along with radio. Recently I heard a much-touted radio hour substitute for "Thank your dad for being just a bit tight" the nobler experiment: "Thank your dad for being merry and bright."

Ruth Etting also is at it for Columbia with the much-bargained "Cottage for Sale"—but she makes this abandoned domicile seem convincing. On the other side is "Let Me Sing—And I'm Happy," which wouldn't seem particularly appropriate for Miss Etting; but you can be wrong about that, just as I was.

IF you like trick pianism, investigate Jimmie Johnson, who unloads two of his own compositions on a Brunswick disc. They are called "Jingles" and "You've Got to Be Modernistic," but the titles might be reversed without upsetting any literary background that this music may boast. Professor Johnson is a hot Paderewski.

THE inimitable Revelers have produced one of their best offerings in months in "Strike Up the Band" and "Singing a Vagabond Song," which Victor has the honor of placing before you. These five gentlemen (the pianist is as important as the singers) still have little touches of their own that their copyists haven't solved yet.

FOR dancing, you have plenty to choose from. Here are some of the more adroit discs:

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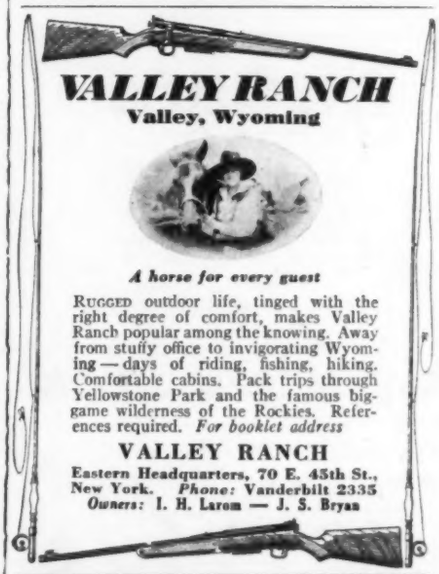

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really isn't so modern; ask Chopin). The orchestrations are contemporary and well performed. (*Okeh*)

RED HOT CHICAGO and CHINNIN' AND CHATTIN' WITH MAY—The Hot Air Men. This ingeniously named little symphony provides an amazing quantity of smoke and rhythm. (*Columbia*)

SO SYMPATHETIC and ALONE WITH MY DREAMS—Tom Clines and his Music. Remarkably smooth and euphonious fox trots by an orchestra that you ought to know better—and probably will. (*Brunswick*)

ON A BLUE AND MOONLESS NIGHT and PROMISES—Wayne King and his Orchestra. Real dance-floor business, discreet but colorful. (*Victor*)

BUGLE CALL RAG (Ed Lang and his Orchestra) and BAG O' BLUES (Jack Pettis' Orchestra). Saxy and brassy fox trots, played with fervor and heat. (*Okeh*)

BLUE IS THE NIGHT and WHIPPOORWILL—Ipana Troubadors. Smart rhythms and mellow scorings. Don't confuse "Whippoorwill" with the Kern song of similar title. (*Columbia*)

MYSTERIOUS MOSE (Radio All-Star Novelty Orchestra) and ATTA BOY (Tom Gerun and his Orchestra). The Mose sonata brings into relief a famous mysterioso motif, which you may have heard in cinemas when the house maestro scored the show. "Atta Boy" is nut stuff which goes very well after a certain hour. (*Brunswick*)

I'M IN THE MARKET FOR YOU and JUST LIKE IN A STORY BOOK—George Olsen's Music. Uncommonly inviting dance efforts—even for Olsen. (*Victor*)

—POP

•

THE DISTRACTED GARDENER

Has nobody counted the children of stones?
Those hard, little pebbles of frost-bitten birth,
Stillborn in the winter, of splintering groans,
And left to themselves in the dark of the earth?

Won't somebody make out a census this year
(Obstetrically speaking) computing how fast
A stone bears its young? In my garden appear
A million more pebbles this spring than the last!

—PATIENCE EDEN

•

ROME, April 28 (AP)—The former Mrs. Agnes Church, divorced from Francis Church, son of Elihu Church, is spending a wedding trip here with her new husband, Elmer Smith, former third officer of the steamship Leviathan, which, it is now revealed, she recently married at Singapore.—*The World.*

So *that's* why it went into drydock not long ago.

HOW ABOUT A NICE OBJET D'ART FOR YOUR LIBRARY TABLE?

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IS there something vaguely incomplete about your library table? Do your weekend guests wander about it in search of something, only to turn sadly away?

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The decoration is made of a fine, white material called "paper." On this "paper" is printed the output of our very brightest artists and writers. The finished product is then labelled a "weekly magazine," or simply, "The New Yorker."

So versatile is this decoration that it furnishes just the right touch of brightness whether your library is Spanish, Colonial or Renaissance; so entertaining and informative is it, so full of news on the local theatre, sports, where to shop, dine and dance, that it has been known to keep its readers out of their libraries for weeks, the while they scurried madly about New York, just having fun. And its keen satire, its wit and subtlety have even gone so far as to decorate people's minds with a fresh viewpoint!

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All you have to do is clip the coupon and send in five dollars, or eight dollars, if you're after a real bargain—which is a pretty small price to pay for having your library table decorated for a whole year or two, don't you think?

J-5-24

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THE SKY LINE

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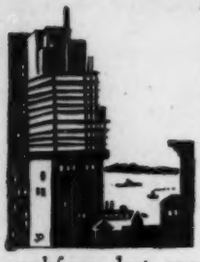

THERE is never a time when there isn't something happening to the architecture of Park Avenue. We have often thought of this street as our most fully "arrived" thoroughfare, but every time we drive a car down it, avoiding numerous jutting heaps of brick, sand, and steel, we realize that the end is not yet. Probably we have all longed for one street, just one, to which we could point with pride and say, "There, that's finished." The hope, alas, is probably a futile one, for by the time the last four-story brick dwelling has been swallowed up by the newest apartment, the wreckers will begin tearing down some of the structures which now seem the final word in grandeur and comfort.

A PARTICULARLY busy section at present is that near Ninetieth Street, where we have been especially attracted by the simple Georgian dignity of No. 1120 Park Avenue, a new apartment house designed by George Fred Pelham. There are no frills whatever on this building. A single band-course of glazed terra cotta, ornamented with vigorous "swags" or garlands, is the only decorative detail until the level of the first setback is reached at the fifteenth floor. The rest is straight brickwork, an agreeable red brick being used, laid in the Flemish bond of alternating "headers and stretchers" which results in a lattice pattern in the jointing. There should be a statue somewhere to the ingenious artisan who first hit on this method of bricklaying.

White terra cotta is also used to trim the setback parapets. Everything is kept very flat, in the modern spirit, yet the style has a distinction and refinement which make this building seem eminently what it is intended to be, a dwelling place for gentlefolk. The setbacks themselves, however, seemed to us slightly jumbled. We felt that they might have been more simply and frankly handled with benefit to the design as a whole—but then, who ever sees a design as a whole in New York? When one is near enough to see it at all, one can see only a small part at a time. Move away a bit and the whole thing is blotted out by something else.

ANOTHER huge building nearing completion is No. 1100 Park Avenue. This is definitely Italianesque, with a rather lively façade which bursts into several towers at the top.

The brick used in this design by De Pace & Juster is one of the most satisfactory we have seen in a long time. The general tone is somewhere between tan and red; there are, in fact, many variations in the range of colors used, but the total effect is delightful. The texture, too, is never dull. However, we were not particularly pleased with the terra cotta of the trim. It seems too yellow for the rich and quiet tone of the brickwork.

A feature of the design is the grouping of the metal casement windows which open out and enliven the façades considerably. This type of window is being used more and more, but it does not adapt itself to all styles of design.

Our contemplation of all this was brightened by the hearty curses, also Italian in style, hurled by one of the masons at a compatriot in charge of the dumping of large masses of debris. It was an artistic performance of the sort that makes architectural rambles a real pleasure.

SPEAKING of Italians, Salvatore De Maio of the Yale Art School is to be congratulated on his fine performance in winning the mural-painting scholarship offered by the American Academy in Rome. This young man's story is not without its romantic side. He is one of a family of thirteen children, the son of a retired musician. After completing his course at the New Haven High School, he entered the Yale Art School, earning his tuition by playing the cornet almost every night in one of the local bands. Various "honorable mentions" for his schoolwork encouraged him to enter the Prix de Rome competition this year.

De Maio's painting was an unusually fine achievement; as was the lovely figure of St. Francis with which William Marks Simpson, Jr., of Norfolk, Virginia, won the sculptural award. The work submitted for this important competition is so closely allied to architecture in its trend and purpose that we feel it should not pass unnoticed by this department.

Yale scored heavily in honorable mentions, so the Art School seems to be doing well under the direction of Everett Meeks, its dean.

THE comparatively low façade of the Museum of the City of New York, at 104th Street and Fifth Avenue, makes an agreeable break in the rather arid sky line of this side of Central Park. The Georgian design with which Joseph Freedlander won the original competition looks very well in execution. It has the appropriate historic flavor, being of red brick with a white marble trim which follows classic lines. The central motive is a pediment carried on Ionic columns, the entire feature being in marble. Flanking this symmetrically are the two wings which come forward to the Avenue, and along their inner or court sides are two short arcades which add a pleasantly informal note to the composition. We liked very much the long windows in the ends of the wings; over each is a broken pediment ornamented with an eagle. The design, in fact, is beautifully studied throughout. The interior should afford glorious opportunities for a fine Colonial setting to contain the historical memorabilia of old New York.

IN striking contrast to this sedate architecture is the lobby of the Chrysler Building, which is now visible. We are somewhat daunted by William Van Alen's sombre coffin-shaped entrances executed in black and silver, but once past these mortuary portals, all is warmth and color.

The plan itself is most unusual and interesting, being a triangle with street openings at the three angles and minor corridors for elevators at the base. Two sturdy piers accent the side that has the principal entrance from Lexington Avenue. The mellow floor, which is subdivided by metal bands, slopes subtly from the Lexington Avenue entrance so that there are no steps anywhere. It meets the red marble sidewalls with no base, and the sidewalls similarly meet the ceiling with no hint of a cornice. The indirect lighting is concealed by narrow metal bands and is reflected from triangular vertical channels. We have never seen lighting better managed. It is perfectly diffused.

—T-SQUARE

•

ZITHER FIRST LESSON?

[*From a Roxy Theatre program*]

When Miss Gaynor was told to study zither playing for "Sunny Side Up," she took an intensive course and in a few weeks could play simple pieces.

THE YOUNG ARTIST

I WAS writing letters when my nephew came in carrying a dilapidated shoebox. He paused for an instant to tug at a stocking which had broken from its moorings, and then settled himself on the couch with a formal air suggesting that he would enjoy a little distinguished conversation.

"I've been drawing," he said. "I draw boats. Steamers, you know, and warships."

"That must be very difficult," I said respectfully.

He opened the shoebox, which seemed to be full of papers.

"Oh, no," he said. "Boats are awfully easy for me. You can look at this one if you want to. It isn't very good of course," he added modestly. "I can do better if I have a ruler."

"I think it's very good," I said. "It's fine. The portholes and the—uh—the propeller."

"I guess I'm a pretty good drawer," he admitted. "Do you know what that is up in the corner?"

"It's a cloud," I said. "It—it looks like a cloud."

"It's an *airplane*," he said. "It's on fire and those are the flames. I guess that's why you didn't recognize it. You can have this one if you want. You can keep it."

"Thank you very much," I murmured, "but wouldn't you rather have it yourself—for your collection, I mean?"

"That's all right," he said. "You take it. I've got lots more. This one is a warship. It's a pretty good warship. I had a ruler."

IT was a lovely ship with cannon bristling from the promenade deck and a large, bald, beetle-shaped gentleman leering affably among the smokestacks.

"That's the captain," he said. "The captain has to stay on deck, you know, because of the fighting. Did you notice the guns?"

"Yes," I said, "and the burning airplanes. Five airplanes."

He grew quite red with excitement and gratification.

"I don't suppose you can draw very well yourself, can you?" he asked. "At least not boats and airplanes?"

"No," I confessed. "I can't draw at all. I'm terrible."

"I was just thinking," he said breathlessly, "that maybe you'd like to have these pictures. You could make a book out of them. You could buy a book and paste them in and we could write underneath. We could write interesting things and you could help me."

I was a little dazed, but I rose to the occasion.

"That would be awfully nice," I said. "They'd make a grand book. It would be lovely."

"We could print on the cover," he said, gulping with pride. "We could put 'A Book of Pictures, by—' and then my name in big letters. Of course your name would be on it too because it's your book. You could put your name inside, only not printed."

"Of course not printed," I said with great firmness. "Because I didn't draw the pictures."

There was a brief pause.

"WELL," he said briskly, "you'd better be going. To get the book," he added, seeing that I looked startled. "You'd better hurry."

I had an appointment anyway at half-past four and went to get my hat and gloves. When I came back he had spread his collection out on the floor and was sitting in the middle, looking decidedly morbid.

"I suppose you want to take your pictures with you," he said. "You can if you want to."

I glanced at the shoebox, which even in its best days had never been really attractive.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I think I'll let you take care of them for me. It would be too bad if anything happened to them."

He cheered up a little for a moment, but he still seemed anxious.

"When we finish the book," he said hurriedly, "maybe you'd rather not keep it in your room. It might get torn or something. I could put it in my bureau drawer and you could take it out sometimes and look at it and show it to people. Do you think that's a good idea?"

"Yes," I said in a shaken tone. "I think it's a fine idea. It will be safer."

He beamed on me with kindly benevolence.

"I guess you'll be pretty proud of it," he said. "Showing it to people and everything. Of course it's—well, *practically* it's your book."

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

BESIDE THEMSELVES

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

The crowd surged almost as one person for the three exits.

"Witty...Ironic Salt Watery"
3 BOOKS
with a real
VACATION
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VISA TO FRANCE
by Berry Fleming

A young American in search of a French heroine. EDNA FERBER says, "I am enormously impressed with this book. It is witty and wise and very adult and I wish I could have written it." $2.50.

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LOVE BY ACCIDENT
by Louis Marlow

"Mafalda, the vivacious young widow was flattered when Tony entered her bedroom. 'my sheets,' he explained, 'they're so cold and damp. Yours look snug. I wonder if . . .' 'Certainly,' said Mafalda kindly, taking one of the pillows from behind her and putting it by her side. This was quite a new approach, she thought, most engaging . . ." Here is a story of mocking humor, exquisite venom and incorrigible irony. $2.50

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MOTORS

Summer Bodies — Shocks and Shackles — A Garage Robot—Other Accessories

THE approach of summer has, as usual, brought out a number of new automobile bodies. There is, for instance, the seven-passenger touring car that Le Baron designed for the Big Marmon. It has a bright plate behind each of the wire wheels—the latest move in the competition the manufacturers are conducting to see which can provide the largest and most glittering hub-caps—the extra tires have neat khaki jackets, and the windshield is canted at a sharp angle. The hood is inclosed in a light casing—in fact generous use of light-colored trimming is a common tendency at present.

United States Royal Cord tires have white sides now, and the Nash open cars carry their tops folded back into light containers. It is a natural development to form some sort of contrast against the darker body colors that are being used this year.

POSSIBLY the most drastic revision of design has been made by Willys-Overland, a recent convert to the ranks of the eight-cylinder cars. The new model sells for about $1,500 in New York and has the standard valve construction, not the sleeve type used by Willys-Knight. There are a number of details in the body which are characteristic of the current fashions. The back of the front seat, for example, tilts behind the door posts instead of being even with them, and the rear seat likewise approaches a semi-reclining position. There is a simple scroll border which runs under the window frames, and the doors are quite wide, so that you don't have to be an acrobat to get in or out.

Graham's new light six, which is delivered in Manhattan for around $1,000, has some excellent features. The rear quarter of the standard-six town sedan has been handled most effectively; the slope of the roof is just a shade more marked than usual and the molding at the back has the slightest turn upward. As a result of these two touches the car is individual without being at all *outré*.

The peak of the roof serves as a visor and the fenders are hung exceptionally low. Of course the radiator is slightly convex, as all Graham radiators are, and the louvers, carried high in the sides of the hood, are small. Shatterproof glass is used throughout.

WE have an idea that the future will see more special bodies built for special needs. Studebaker is offering doctors a sedan that can be converted into an ambulance at short notice. It looks like a regular sedan but is always ready for business.

NASH's sport models always have some novelty to attract you. This time it is on the Twin-Ignition Eight touring model—a grip rail for the rear-seat passengers to use when the driver takes the curves too fast.

Speaking of curves, several amateur drivers of Cords have told us that the front-drive principle used on these cars makes it possible to sail around the loops of the Bedford-White Plains road without a tremor.

IN spite of all the to-do about shock-absorbers and long springs, it is still possible to jounce quite a bit even in the best of automobiles; but a number of people are working on devices that will do away with this nuisance and some, fortunately, are effective. One of the latest is the Fafnir spring shackle, which can be attached to most of the new models. The idea is to hold the ends of the springs—with a pair of ball-bearing cylinders—so that they will have plenty of play. We tried out a car that had been fitted with a set, and the things really did seem to help.

IF you have been discouraged by the casual way in which most garagemen test brakes, you will doubtless be interested in an apparatus we discovered recently at the M & S Brake Service station, Sixty-third Street and First Avenue. This shop uses a robot to do the work. You merely drive your car on a platform, where your wheels are then turned by small treadmills run by electric motors. When you put on the brakes, an electric dial measures the degree of resistance on each wheel. Errorless, and also just a little bit appalling.

SO far as comfort and security go, one mustn't overlook the latest Judkins coupé for Lincoln, which makes rumble-seat riding relatively painless. The lid of the rear deck is counterbalanced and comes up without a struggle. You can likewise close it with a slight push and without fear of banging your fingers.

NOW for some more devices that have recently made their appearance:

Suburbanites who use a Ford or Chevrolet as a station car can cut a few seconds off their running time to the train with the Bat Dual Rotary Super Charger made by the Rex Accessories Company, Racine, Wisconsin. Any dealer can get it for you.

Two amusing pairs of horns built rather like a pipe organ have been introduced by the E. A. Laboratories of Brooklyn. Press lightly on the button and a decorous single note comes forth. Press harder, and you produce a two-tone warning in close harmony.

Pyrene now offers its extinguishers in nickel, or in colors to match the interior of your car. There is also a steering-post model, which in some cases would suit the arrangement of the front of the car better than the customary dashboard type.

The United States Air Compressor Company of Cleveland has made a hydraulic lift which should be useful for the country-house garage. It does away with the need for a repair well in the garage or a runway outside of it.

People who do a lot of touring, or live where the roads are frequently muddy, will find very welcome protection in the rear-fender mudguards of the Crawford Manufacturing Company, Richmond, Virginia. They are a great help in keeping the back of the car clean. In fact many of the higher-priced automobiles already use something of the sort.

Last of all there is a new device which should discourage any garageman who habitually filches fuel from his patrons' automobiles, a little here, a little there. The custom is not unknown. This is a gas-tank lock, put out by the Auto-Tank Lock Company, Bluefield, West Virginia, to take the place of the ordinary cap. An enterprising pilferer could still tap the fuel line, to be sure, but the very presence of such a lock gives warning that the owner is fussy about such things.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

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DR. BEDELL TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCES DURING TOUR OF EUROPE
SAID "GUTEN MORGEN" TO
EMIL JANNINGS IN SALZBURG

—Headline in the Poughkeepsie Evening Star.

That was thinking fast!

STORIES OF TODAY

ENCOMIUM

The Honorable John Robsion,
Retiring from the House
To enter the Senate,
Presented this moving
Farewell eulogy:

"There is no group
Of men and women
In the whole world
Who possess more ability,
More real courage,
More sincerity,
A higher sense of honor,
A loftier patriotism,
Than the House of Representatives."
(*Applause*)

CORRECTION

An auditor recently
Checked up the affairs
Of the Lilienthal School,
A correctional institution
In San Francisco.
He advised a correction
Of the following situation:

There are twenty-two
Instructors and attendants
For a student body
Of only nine.

FREE

When famous old Goodspeed's,
Boston bookshop,
Moved to new quarters,
They offered for sale
Fifteen thousand volumes
At ten cents each,
And found few takers.
Then they offered them
Free of charge,

And twelve policemen
Were summoned to regulate
The limousine traffic.

ART'S REWARDS

Alfred Mogerley,
Jailed for drunkenness,
During the night
Composed a poem, entitled
"There Are No Barrooms In Heaven."
The judge freed him.

A month ago
He gained his freedom
In a similar manner
By composing the poem
"Whiskey Did It All."

—W. E. Farbstein

Must a bride always be sincere?

How can she be . . . when she writes "We love your gift" although she hasn't the vaguest idea what she'll ever do with your "kind thought"!

Any bride, June or otherwise, will find a use for table damasks, a luncheon set, a bridge set—or, perhaps, a lace banquet cloth. If you give Liberty Tudric Pewter, Moorcroft Pottery or anything else from the famous London House of Liberty collection (on our Fourth Floor), your gift will have the charm of being totally unlike the usual gift.

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RECENT BOOKS

Deft Frivolity—Weekends—New Biographies—
A One-Volume Library—Sea Stories—Poets

AT this season of the year, the light books are almost invariably the best ones. For instance, of the current books, I enjoyed most "Visa to France," by Berry Fleming, which boasts on its jacket that it is "a frivolous novel;" but if it is a frivolous novel, it is also a witty and a deft one. The scene of its story is a seaside resort in France—not so smart that it is characterless nor so obscure that it is unbearably picturesque. It is, this Continental vacation community, a gathering place of stray Americans, English, Germans and Italians whose national faults and virtues are all heightened by the isolated drama of the place. Mr. Fleming's story concerns a youngish American who goes to Planches-sur-mer so that he may be able to write a great novel about a real French woman whom he never has met.

The plan of Mr. Fleming's book is casual; its people are indolent and good-natured; but its dissertations on the minor aspects of international manners are shrewd, amusing, and lighthearted. Sometimes it seems to this reviewer that Americans are more successful in writing about the small details of French life than they are at setting down similar trivialities of their own country; they are less captious, less quarrelsome, and less selfconscious. Mr. Fleming's novel belongs to those observant and tolerant books which should be presented to every first-trip-abroad tourist who steps aboard an eastbound liner.

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY" is only a slim little volume but it will be a nasty trouble-maker in these arduous months to come. Weekend guests will present it to their hostesses (with a leer) and you will find it prominently and objectionably displayed in guest-rooms. Both parties to the annual summer feud—owners of country places and habitual weekenders—will try to look the other way and pretend that it isn't meant for them. The verses in the book, which sing the horrors of the weekend, were written by Newman Levy and the drawings are by John Held, Jr. Both Mr. Levy and Mr. Held obviously have lived and suffered.

MY complaint against "The Biography of President von Hindenburg," by Rudolph Weterstetten and A. M. K. Watson, is that it sounds as though it had been written by the Ivy Lee of Germany. The trouble with press agents is not that they overestimate their clients, but that, in an effort to make them seem good, plain, honest folks like you and me, they do them the serious grievance of undervaluing them. Here is a book that presents, in condensed form, episodes from von Hindenburg's life that are calculated to make him appear no more than an honest and faithful super-policeman. Here is an extraordinary person held up to you as merely a good soldier and a moral and loyal man. Hindenburg is bigger than the book.

For instance, the Masurian Lakes campaign—which was remarkable generalship—is told only flittingly. There are some pretty tributes to the commander who stuck by his army in its catastrophic retreat but there is little actual insight into the soul of the man who was the only War Lord who did not fade or disintegrate when peace came. The best things in the book are the actual utterances of von Hindenburg and the anecdotes which are more eloquent than formal praise.

SPEAKING of Ivy Lee, there is a new Rockefeller book on the market, called "Rockefeller: Giant, Dwarf, Symbol," by William H. Allen. Mr. Lee, according to Mr. Allen, held the manuscript for nine months and then disagreed with some of Mr. Allen's findings. The book contains a vast amount of facts about Rockefeller and a still greater number of opinions, but the material is presented in rather haphazard and disorganized fashion. What old-time muckraking there is, is rather cautious; the denouncings aren't vigorous. At this late date it is no shattering blow to learn that Mr. R–ck—er accepted r–b–tes from r–lr–ds. Mr. Allen's pictures of the immensity of the Rockefeller fortune are really dazzling. Did you know that if five hundred dollars had been credited to Adam in the Garden of Eden and a similar sum had been banked for him every day these six thousand years, his bank account today would be less than Rockefeller's?

"GOLD RUSH DAYS WITH MARK TWAIN" is a collection of engaging and naïve yarns written by William R. Gillis, a pioneer who died before the book was published. Mark Twain figures in the book as the hero of a set of anecdotes which were probably softened and retouched by an old man's memory. Many of the stories about life in the gold country are simple and natural, and they are written in the best traditional style of the West. The woodcuts by H. Glintenkamp, which illustrate the book, are precisely in the spirit of the old-timer's melodramatic reminiscences.

AS for other biographical books, there is "The Invincible Jew," in which Harford Powel, Jr., interprets the life of Saul of Tarsus, whom someone once called "the travelling salesman of Christianity." This is less a biography than an essay which attempts to explain the early Christians in modern idiom. Boris D. Bogen's story, "Born a Jew," has some eloquent descriptions of the plight of the immigrant and many bitter stories of pogroms and oppressions in Europe. Mr. Bogen was active in Jewish relief work during the war and he tells of his adventures among the smug diplomats whose "best friends were Jews."

THE fine bargain of the moment is "The Week-End Library," which is really too good for the guestroom. In this volume—it is only two-fifty—you may have a splendid collection of modern novels and stories. The book leads off with "Of Human Bondage" and your eye fairly refuses to believe the scope and quantity of the material in the book. "Great Sea Stories of All Nations" is also a book worth owning. It was edited by H. M. Tomlinson and contains, among other things, "Midshipman Easy." Also to be listed among the good deeds of the week is "Poetry and Poets," a collection of the critical essays of Amy Lowell. You will find no wiser or wittier criticism of modern poetry.

WE were misinformed last week when we stated that Aldous Huxley's "Brief Candles" would be

available for some time only in a limited edition. Doubleday, Doran has just issued a regular edition. Everybody can buy it now. —A. W. S.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

VISA TO FRANCE, by Berry Fleming (*Doubleday, Doran*). Comedy in a French seaside resort—and a most readable novel.

GREAT SEA STORIES OF ALL NATIONS, edited by H. M. Tomlinson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Just what the title indicates. Mr. Tomlinson has unearthed a lot of old favorites.

BRIEF CANDLES, by Aldous Huxley (*Doubleday, Doran*). A book of short stories that presents Huxley at his best. Also in a limited autographed edition (*Fountain Press*).

THE SWEET CHEAT GONE, by Marcel Proust, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*A. & C. Boni*). Concerning Albertine and others. You may consider this book indispensable.

SPANISH HOLIDAY, by Eleanor Mercein (*Harper*). Romantic tales of Spain, told by a sympathetic observer.

SOME OTHER BEAUTY, by I. A. R. Wylie (*Doubleday, Doran*). Superior short stories.

ELSIE DINSMORE ON THE LOOSE, by Josie Turner (*Cape & Smith*). As funny as the original—which is high praise.

LONG HUNT, by James Boyd (*Scribner*). Why men go pioneering. Engrossing tale of Southern frontier life.

NORTH OF SUEZ, by William McFee (*Doubleday, Doran*). As good a novel of adventure as you can find.

THE SELBYS, by Anne Green (*Dutton*). Lively account of a Southern Daisy Miller in Paris.

ROGUE HERRIES, by Hugh Walpole (*Doubleday, Doran*). Romantic story laid in the period of Queen Anne with a hero that is a hero.

GRIM YOUTH, by John Held, Jr. (*Vanguard*). Ten satiric tales of collegiate life, illustrated by the author.

DANDELION DAYS, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Unusually fine novel of schoolboy life in rural England. Written with charm and humor.

GALLOWS' ORCHARD, by Claire Spencer (*Cape & Smith*). A distinguished first novel that deserves your attention—beautifully told tragedy of Scottish village life.

BYSTANDER, by Maxim Gorki, translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney (*Cape & Smith*). A novel of the revolution of the individual soul that will probably rank with the best of Tolstoi and Dostoievski.

CIMARRON, by Edna Ferber (*Doubleday, Doran*). Colorful, cinematic novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma. Recommended with pleasure.

THE PARTY DRESS, by Joseph Hergesheimer (*Knopf*). Sex in a country club, and another good reason why women go wrong.

VILE BODIES, by Evelyn Waugh (*Cape & Smith*). Celestial satire for the intelligent.

THE 42ND PARALLEL, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

Mysteries

THE SHOP WINDOW MURDERS, by Vernon Loder (*Morrow*). . . . MARKED "CANCELLED," by Natalie Sumner Lincoln (*Appleton*). . . . THE MAN WHO WAS THERE, by N. A. Temple-Ellis (*Dutton*). . . . THE CASE OF THE MARSDEN RUBIES, by Leonard R. Gribble (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE DOORSTEP MURDERS, by Carolyn Wells (*Crime Club*). . . . THE INDIA-RUBBER MEN, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . LADIES' MAN, by Rupert Hughes (*Harper*). . . . THE MYSTERIOUS MR. QUIN, by Agatha Christie (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE MAN OF A HUNDRED FACES, by Gaston Leroux (*Macaulay*). . . . THE DOOR, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Farrar & Rinehart*).

General

GOLDRUSH DAYS WITH MARK TWAIN, by William R. Gillis (*A. & C. Boni*). Naïve tales of the frontier with Samuel Clemens in the leading rôle. It has excellent woodcuts by H. Glintenkamp.

ROCKEFELLER: GIANT, DWARF, SYMBOL, by William H. Allen (*Institute for Public Service*). Facts, favorable and unfavorable, about the world's richest man, presented in earnest but haphazard fashion.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG, by Rudolph Weterstetten and A. M. K. Watson (*Macmillan*). Perfunctory tribute to a man who deserves a larger portrait.

BORN A JEW, by Boris D. Bogen, in collaboration with Alfred Segal (*Macmillan*). A Jewish social worker gives a vivid account of his life on two continents.

THE WEEK-END LIBRARY (*Doubleday, Doran*). Collection of those modern novels and sketches you really want to read.

POETRY AND POETS, by Amy Lowell (*Houghton Mifflin*). A collection of fine critical essays.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY, by Newman Levy and John Held, Jr. (*Knopf*). Singing the horrors of the weekend.

THE INVINCIBLE JEW, by Harford Powel, Jr. (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Biographical essay on Paul of Tarsus, the most modern of the early Christians.

THE LIFE OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, by Thomas Caldecot Chubb (*A. & C. Boni*). The author of the "Decameron" set in his rich historical background.

THE LOG OF THE CORIOLANUS, by Norman Matson (*Vanguard*). Salt-sea vagabondage.

THE POWER AND SECRET OF THE JESUITS, by René Fülöp-Miller (*Viking*). Impressive survey of a remarkable religious movement, brilliantly presented.

HOT COUNTRIES, by Alec Waugh (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Adventures in strange places. The most charming of current travel books.

THE AWAKENING COLLEGE, by Clarence C. Little (*Norton*). Intelligent and sane criticism of some of our educational follies.

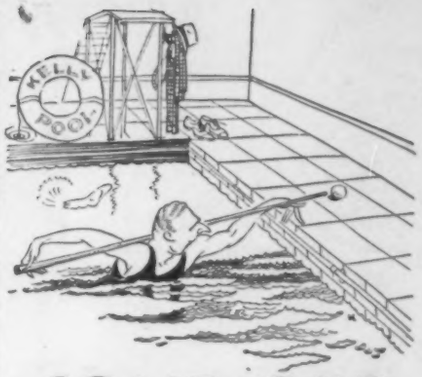
PRIZE POEMS 1913-1929, edited by Charles A. Wagner. Introduction by Mark Van Doren (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). An interesting collection cheaply, yet attractively, presented.

THE NEW GENERATION, edited by V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen (*Macaulay*). Symposium of radical thought on child-training. With an introduction by Bertrand Russell.

MY LIFE, by Leon Trotsky (*Scribner*). The story of a revolutionist written by a man who might have been a great novelist.

GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF VICTORY, by Georges Clemenceau (*Harcourt, Brace*). The last roar of the dead Tiger and an astonishing and brutal picture of the cruelty of war statecraft.

BYRON, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). The romantic story of the limping angel.



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"HE'S BEEN IN IT NOW ABOUT THREE HOURS"
"HERE'S YOUR ICE WATER POP!"
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FOX
ASK

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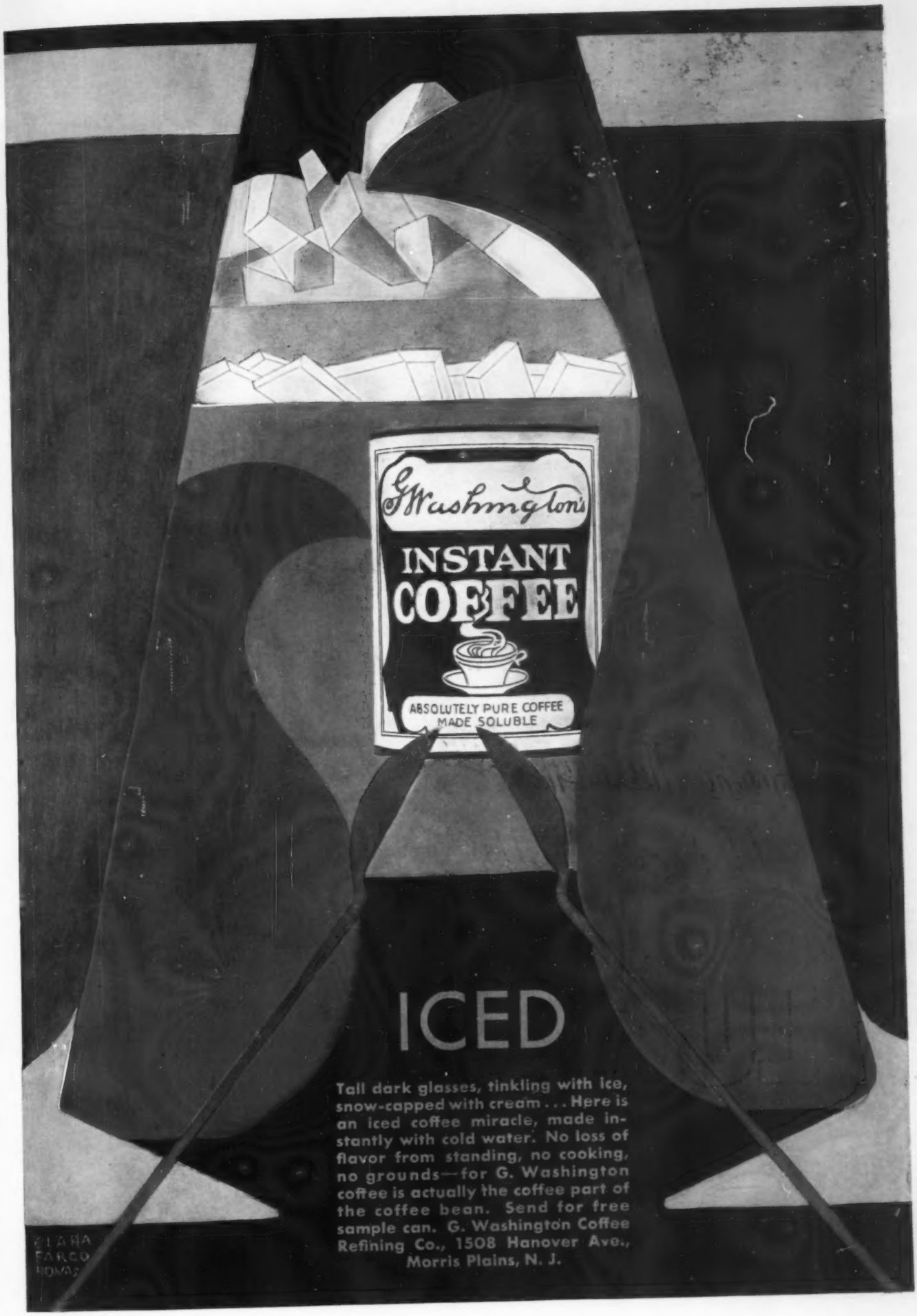
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